Together

We're Back in the Congo
By Bishop Newell S. Booth

Abolish World Court Veto?
Arthur Larson vs. Roy E. Willy

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families · March 1961

Meet Your Bishops

These men are Methodist ministers—but they have one special distinction: they were elected or "set apart" by fellow ministers and laymen to be overseers, or general superintendents, for "areas" within The Methodist Church. Those who serve in the U.S. are elected for life. There are 93 such men in the world today (44 in the U.S., 16 abroad, and 33 now retired). This picture was taken in the sanctuary of Methodism's skyscraper church, the Chicago Temple, as they assembled last November as the Council of Bishops to plan implementation of Methodism's program in the new quadrennium.

1. Marvin A. Franklin, *Jackson Area, Jackson, Miss.* 2. A. Raymond Grant, *Portland Area, Portland, Oreg.* 3. Alexander P. Shaw *(retired), Los Angeles, Calif.* 4. Eugene M. Frank, *Missouri Area, St. Louis, Mo.* 5. Edgar A. Love, *Baltimore Area, Baltimore, Md.* 6. Francis Gerald Ensley, *Iowa Area, Des Moines, Iowa.* 7. Paul N. Garber, *Richmond Area, Richmond, Va.* 8. Newell S. Booth, *Elisabethville Area, Elisabethville, Republic of the Congo.* 9. Frederick B. Newell *(retired), Tuckahoe, N.Y.* 10. William C. Martin, *Dallas-Fort Worth Area, Dallas, Tex.* 11. H. Clifford Northcott *(retired), Madison, Wis.* 12. Wilbur E. Hammaker *(retired), Washington, D.C.* 13. Willis J. King *(retired), New Orleans, La.* 14. Ivan Lee Holt *(retired), St. Louis, Mo.* 15. James C. Baker *(retired), San Marino, Calif.* 16. Fred Pierce Corson, *Philadelphia Area, Philadelphia, Pa.* 17. W. Earl Ledden *(retired), Washington, D.C.* 18. Richard C. Raines, *Indiana Area, Indianapolis, Ind.* 19. J. Ralph Magee *(retired), Evanston, Ill.* 20. Glenn R. Phillips, *Denver Area, Denver, Colo.* 21. Hazen G. Werner, *Ohio Area, Columbus, Ohio.* 22. Donald H. Tippett, *San Francisco Area, San Francisco, Calif.* 23. Dana Dawson *(retired), Shreveport, La.* 24. Charles W. Brashares, *Chicago Area, Chicago, Ill.* 25. Herbert Welch *(retired), New York, N.Y.* 26. Edwin E. Voigt, *Illinois Area, Springfield, Ill.* 27. G. Bromley Oxnam *(retired), Scarsdale, N.Y.* 28. A. Frank Smith *(retired), Houston, Tex.* 29. W. Angie Smith, *Oklahoma-New Mexico Area, Oklahoma City, Okla.* 30. Raymond J. Wade *(retired), Bay View, Mich.* 31. Paul Hardin, Jr., *Columbia Area, Columbia, S.C.* 32. John Owen Smith, *Atlanta Area, Atlanta, Ga.* 33. J. Waskom Pickett *(retired), Glendale, Calif.* 34. John Wesley Lord, *Washington Area, Washington, D.C.* 35. Clare Purcell *(retired), Birmingham, Ala.* 36. Marshall R. Reed, *Michigan Area, Detroit, Mich.* 37. Fred G. Holloway, *West Virginia Area, Charleston, W.Va.* 38. Aubrey G. Walton, *Louisiana Area, New Orleans, La.* 39. W. Kenneth Pope, *Arkansas Area, Little Rock, Ark.* 40. W. Vernon Middleton, *Western Pennsylvania Area, Pittsburgh, Pa.* 41. Noah W. Moore, Jr., *New Orleans Area, New Orleans, La.* 42. Edwin R. Garrison, *Dakotas Area, Aberdeen, S. Dak.* 43. James W. Henley, Jr., *Jacksonville Area, Jacksonville, Fla.* 44. Paul V. Galloway, *San Antonio-Northwest Texas Area, San Antonio, Tex.* 45. Ralph T. Alton, *Wisconsin Area, Madison, Wis.* 46. Kenneth W. Copeland, *Nebraska Area, Lincoln, Nebr.* 47. Eugene L. Slater, *Kansas Area, Topeka, Kans.* 48. Walter C. Gum, *Louisville Area, Louisville, Ky.* 49. T. Otto Nall, *Minnesota Area, Minneapolis, Minn.* 50. Charles F. Golden, *Nashville-Birmingham Area, Nashville, Tenn.* 51. Everett W. Palmer, *Seattle Area, Seattle, Wash.* 52. James K. Mathews, *Boston Area, Boston, Mass.* 53. W. Ralph Ward, Jr., *Syracuse Area, Syracuse, N.Y.* 54. B. Foster Stockwell, *West Coast Area, Lima, Peru.* 55. M. Lafayette Harris, *Atlantic Coast Area, Atlanta, Ga.* 56. Matthew W. Clair, Jr., *St. Louis Area, St. Louis, Mo.* 57. Gerald H. Kennedy, *Los Angeles Area, Los Angeles, Calif.* 58. Roy H. Short, *Nashville Area, Nashville, Tenn.* 59. Paul E. Martin, *Houston Area, Houston, Tex.* Active U.S. bishops not present: Lloyd C. Wicke, *New York Area, New York, N.Y.*; Bachman G. Hodge, *Birmingham Area, Birmingham, Ala.*; and Nolan B. Harmon, *Charlotte Area, Charlotte, N.C.*

Spring Miracle

What is this miracle that makes
Of orchard tree, that winter bowed
A few short weeks ago, a gay
Pink canopy, a fallen cloud?

What is this magic that can turn
Brown bulb to bud, small seed to shoot;
That coaxes leaf and flower from
The buried, dark-enfolded root?

What is this wonder that can show
The path to birds in northward flight;
That spills a softness in the air,
When daytime fades into the night?

Ah, friend, this miracle that lures
Spring loveliness from somber sod
Can also lift the human heart,
Can change a life . . . Its name is God!

—Marie Daerr

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

IT WASN'T, we can assure you, an easy task to assemble—from all over the U.S. and points overseas—the gentlemen on pages 2 and 3. But TOGETHER's photographer, a man with a telephoto mind trained on far horizons, already is plotting an even greater coup: gathering in one place at one time all members of an equally select, world-wide Methodist society known as SWWS. That stands for *She Who Waits Smilingly*. To qualify, one must, of course, be the wife of a bishop. This new photo project, we fully realize, will be a formidable undertaking. But someday, we promise, there'll be a group picture of the helpmates of those far-ranging, hardly-ever-at-home members of the episcopacy. So please stand by!

Last month we told the story of the Fred Torreys, a Methodist couple working on a $25,000 statue of Lincoln and his son, Tad, to be unveiled this year on the state capitol grounds in Des Moines, Iowa. Many of you have inquired about progress of this project being financed by the pennies of Iowa school children and contributions from churches and other groups. Dr. John D. Clinton, Methodist minister and executive secretary of Friends of Lincoln, Inc., Des Moines, writes that $100 donations already have been received from Methodist churches at Indianola, Ottumwa, Waverly, Des Moines, and Ames, Iowa. Even before our pictorial appeared, more than $5,000 had come in from various sources.

Since World War II, church news has steadily earned more attention in the secular press. Now the wire services and many larger newspapers have religion editors, a relatively new breed of reporters. These persons have been frequent contributors to these pages because they're in position to size up the over-all picture of what many believe is a genuine revival of religion in the land. Last month, you'll remember, George W. Cornell, religious writer of the Associated Press, told us about *Brainwork for God—at Home* [page 14]. On page 26 of this issue, his interservice rival, **Louis Cassels** of United Press International, lands hard on our pocketbooks with his *Are You a Tip-Giver, Dues-Payer, or Tither?*

One thing for sure—Methodists are a picture-taking people. And surely one of the picture-takingest is the **Rev. Ira B. Allen** of Detroit Lakes, Minn., a district superintendent who on pages 37-44 presents a few selections from the slide file he's filled to overflowing after two trips around the world.

Our Cover: Take a bright little girl in a bright-colored jacket. Give her some bright-colored paints. Put her in an art workshop for children in North Methodist Church, Indianapolis, Ind. Add executive editor **Richard Underwood** with bright-colored film in his camera. Blend well and you have this month's cover—plus *Wayne Makes a Rainbow*, pages 24-25.
—YOUR EDITORS.

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"Because I was nervous to my fingertips, my doctor started me on Postum."

"You can imagine how it worried me, when I found it hard to thread a needle! Of course I wasn't sleeping very well, but I hadn't realized how unsteady I'd become. Time to see the doctor, I told myself.

" 'Can't find anything wrong,' the doctor told me, 'unless maybe you've been drinking too much coffee.' It seems some people can't take the caffein in coffee. 'Change to Postum,' the doctor advised. 'It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake!'

"Well—I've been blessing the doctor and Postum ever since! My nerves are much steadier, I sleep much better and I really enjoy drinking Postum. My only regret is I didn't change to Postum sooner!"

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Letters

Cover Babe: Like Nikita? . . .

MRS. BEATRICE HYDER
Nevada, Mo.

With the world full of lovely, sweet babies, *why* did you put that monstrosity on the cover of the January TOGETHER? He looks exactly like Nikita Khrushchev. I removed the ridiculous thing from the magazine.

Or a Bishop Hard at Work?

CHARLES D. BEATTY, *Chaplain*
U.S. Naval Air Station
Jacksonville, Fla.

Your cover picture for January is superb! Has anyone suggested any captions for it? I submit that this looks like a bishop speaking to a pastoral relations committee: "So you won't take this preacher back under any circumstances, eh?"

Dead Ringer for Rusk?

JOHN A. DAY
McMinnville, Oreg.

The January TOGETHER arrived in the same mail as the December 26 *Time*, which features a cover photo of Dean Rusk. I wonder if any other TOGETHER-

Cover boys: Our babe, Time's *Rusk.*

Time readers were struck by the fact that TOGETHER's cover baby was a dead ringer for Dean Rusk. Look at that chin, mouth, and the eyes!

Rebuttal to Mr. McCrea

MRS. CLAUDE STEVENS
Bandera, Tex.

I would like to challenge very vigorously Thomas R. McCrea's statement [December, 1960, *Letters*, page 6] that our magazine is so totally Methodist that it is less together than separate. I imagine I will not be the only one.

Yes, Mrs. Stevens, you were one of many. Here is a further sampling of comments which Mr. McCrea's letter drew from TOGETHER's *readers.*—EDS.

Just What Was Ordered!

MARGARET BENNETT
Gypsum, Kans.

The first letter in the December, 1960, *Letters* asks, "Is TOGETHER too Methodist?" My answer is that it certainly is not.

The General Conference of The Methodist Church in 1956, under "General Church Periodicals" (Paragraph 1144 of the *Discipline*), stated that the Methodist Publishing House "is authorized . . . to publish a periodical for the family which shall be a general magazine informative and vital to the religious life of all Methodists."

And TOGETHER is the result.

Help for Bilingual Methodists

MRS. GERALD T. McCRAY
Nome, Alaska

In reply to Mr. McCrea, TOGETHER is *not* too Methodist. The Methodist Church is composed of many members with bilingual backgrounds. Alaska, for instance, has seven different Indian dialects and two or more Eskimo dialects.

The information about Methodism presented in pictures and articles by TOGETHER is an invaluable teaching aid in churches with members of many cultures who desire to learn more about the Methodist way of life.

Sanction Legalized Gambling?

MARCIUS E. TABER
Pentwater, Mich.

Some years ago, legislation to legalize gambling was being discussed in Michigan. At that time, I wrote my state senator stating my convictions against it.

Illegal gambling, while certainly undesirable, at least has not received the sanction and support of the community. [See *How to Argue Against Gambling*, January, page 32.] If we legalize it, we are in effect saying that it is right and moral for one to expect rewards without rendering service in return. Legalizing gambling would be the state endorsing the idea that one's future prosperity depends primarily on one's luck rather than on one's usefulness and contribution to the well-being of others.

Do we want to endorse this principle?

'Fan Mail' for *Sunset Issue*

ESTHER C. STAMATS
White House Conference on Aging
Washington, D.C.

This is your fan mail. I think the *Sunset Issue of* TOGETHER [November, 1960] is the loveliest thing of its kind I have ever seen. We are circulating it so that everyone can see it.

We're certainly grateful to you for a magnificent and interesting issue. I am sure it will be long remembered.

Your letter especially pleases us, Miss Stamats, for we know your great contribution to the success of the recent White House Conference on Aging—in your official capacity as chief of liaison with national organizations, working in the office of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.—EDS.

She's for Slaughterhouse Reform

RUTH HORNBROOK, *President*
Wesleyan Service Guild
Parkersburg, W.Va.

Thank you for your article in the January issue, *Reform in the Slaughterhouse* [page 45].

Surely, to those beings who lay down their lives that we may have meat, we owe a special debt: a death free from anguish and terror—the kind of death each of us devoutly wishes for himself.

Acting upon the suggestion, we have, over our individual 48 signatures, written to our state representatives, urging them to present a bill for the protection of slaughter animals.

Thank you for reminding us of these mute creatures and directing our thoughts into ways of pity. We know you've reached many a heart.

Had One of First AFP Churches

FRANK DAWSON, *Assoc. Pastor*
Decatur, Ala.

As a student pastor in a rural church during my seminary years, I had the wonderful opportunity of having one of the first All Family Plan churches in my district and in the North Alabama Conference. I cannot tell you how much praise the membership of my small rural church heaped upon TOGETHER!

Ministers Wear Out, Too!

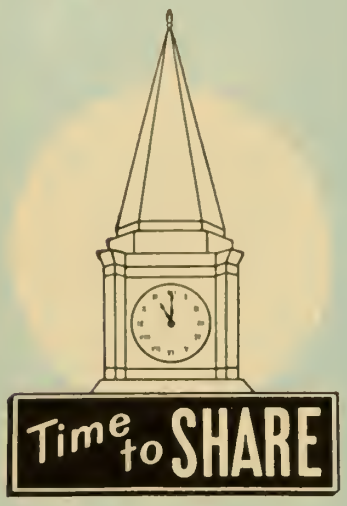
E. HAROLD JACKSON, *Pastor*
Colfax, Iowa

In reply to Mr. Yost [*Letters*, January, page 7], who suggests that ministers retire too young, I would like to say that it is most impractical counsel to propose that ministers continue until age 72.

It is only the quite exceptional minister who is physically able to carry on

Methodists:

This Means You!



ONE GREAT HOUR
OF SHARING
Sunday, March 12

You've seen billboards and ads; your neighbors of other denominations have been giving to One Great Hour. In 1961 it's a Methodist offering too.

The causes: Crusade Scholarships, Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, the Ministry to Servicemen Overseas, and National Missions.

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to this age. The burden on the modern minister is very heavy, and becoming more arduous every year.

There is the possibility of formal retirement and acceptance of a small parish which may work out well, but the tendency today is to consolidate these into circuits. An older minister might feel able to serve a small station, but hesitate to fight the weather in traveling the circuits.

Clothing for the Choctaws

MRS. A. E. JAQUETH
College Grove, Tenn.

Here's a picture of a "Christmas for the Indians" tent that our junior youth department put up two weeks before Christmas. They collected clothing,

For Choctaws: A merrier Christmas.

games, books, and other items for the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi after getting the idea from the October, 1960, issue of TOGETHER [*These Choctaws Stayed Put*, page 64].

I wrote the Rev. Benson Wallace, and he informed us where we should send the package. Our juniors took such an interest in this project that we thought you'd like to know.

Pilgrims Carried Guns . . .

JOHN WESLEY CUNINGHAM
Zephyrhills, Fla.

Regarding *Prayers and Atom Bombs*, the letter from the Rev. Robert W. Gordon [December, 1960, page 9], he is in error as to the reason we make atom bombs. It's not for making war but because we want peace.

Our ancestors, the Pilgrims, sometimes carried their muskets to church services—not to make war, but to protect their families.

It's a far cry from muskets to atom bombs, but the purpose is the same. The bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki did not have the objective of destroying those cities but of ending the war and saving the lives of thousands of our young men.

Re: Bishops and Stuffed Shirts

MRS. WINSTON WHITE
Fort Fairfield, Maine

Bishop Gerald Kennedy's comments on Mary Ellen Chase's book, *The Lovely Ambition* [*Browsing in Fiction*, December, 1960, page 57] indicate the need for its having been written!

He states: "My only objection is that the author makes the bishop a stuffed shirt and a fool. This, as you will be quick to recognize, is a personal prejudice and ought to be ignored."

When a fine author is criticized for presenting the idea that a bishop may be as good an example of human folly as anyone, we should take a second look at the critic—in this case, a bishop. Obviously, the critic is as guilty of personal prejudice as the author.

New Words for Old Hymns?

IRVING DILLIARD
Collinsville, Ill.

The proposed revision of the *Methodist Hymnal* [TOGETHER, December, 1960, page 70] brings to mind what I've long believed to be a major need of the church. It's modern words suitable to our lives and times which can be sung to the great old music that is timeless. In short, the music endures but often the words are hopelessly out of date, if not completely irrelevant.

Almost everyone must have suggestions for hymns that need new words. I'd be interested in hearing from TOGETHER readers who agree or disagree and from those who will try their hand at new words.

Alcoholism . . . Narcotics . . .

FRED BOELSEN, *Editor*, WYNOT
Texas Dept. of Corrections
Huntsville, Tex.

The perception of the problem and the pursuit of remedy for those persons who are addicted to either alcoholism or narcotics as is shown in *The Narcotics Evil Is Growing!* [October, 1960, page 30] is a true demonstration of forward-looking journalism.

It takes courage to face these social challenges, and the articles by William K. Babel, George Daniels, and Frances Hodge were the editorial type of which we can never see too much. Many thanks to all who are responsible.

Out of Rut, Wants Back In

MRS. HOMER H. COLE
Bonaire, Ga.

How I enjoyed *Six Months' Treatment for the Blues* [December, 1960, page 27]! I really don't need it, though. I often take long walks with my four-year-old, read books on odd subjects, and, obvi-

My true story of Overcoming Deafness.
by Helen Martin

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ously, write editors, as well as do other pick-me-up things.

My problem? How do I get blue just long enough to get dishes washed, floor swept, clothes washed, and mending done? Please have someone write an article on "How to Get Into a Rut." I would put it into effect and get my topsy-turvy house aright again.

America Is Still Beautiful

MRS. LEO W. GESSELL
Modesto, Calif.

Once a week for six months, I have been meeting with a group of displaced persons, trying to teach them English.

I used pictures clipped from magazines to illustrate the still-strange words to my class. Although I had my TOGETHERS at hand, I couldn't bring myself to clip them.

One day, I felt it was time for my class to learn an American patriotic song, and chose *America the Beautiful.* Remembering that an issue of TOGETHER [August, 1957, page 34] had carried a pictorial illustration of each line of the song, I soon found it.

My class read the words with me over and over as I raised before them the beautiful illustrations from TOGETHER. It was a thrilling experience for them and for me the morning I knew they could read and understand the great hymn. I wish you could have heard them as those voices from distant lands rose freely through the halls and up the stairways of the old building.

Are Methodists Really Activists? Not All Readers Agree!

We Methodists Are Activists! *an article appearing in the January issue, has brought heavy response—letters, even long distance calls.*

Authored by Council of Bishops President Gerald Kennedy, it has drawn some rather strong opinions, both pro and con.

Here, in excerpted form, is a sampling of the comments we've received:

Donald Kohlstaedt, *Spokane, Wash.*

Any Methodist who read Bishop Kennedy's article and was not thrilled to the depths is not worthy of the name Methodist.

I wonder if enough people even know that "going on to perfection" is not only sound Christian doctrine, but basic Methodist doctrine. If we don't know what the bishop is talking about when he says, "A church that aims at perfection will never be persuaded that there is anything wrong in setting high goals," I think it's about time we learned.

If we Methodists do not drag our feet now, but instead move ahead with great faith under our leadership and with the inspiration of the Spirit, these next four years could be momentous in our history. The victory, however, is for

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those in the warfare, not for those on the side lines.

N. Bruce Kuehnle, *Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C.*

Bishop Kennedy's article left this reader quite disturbed. The article is well written and interesting, but what Bishop Kennedy suceeds in doing is merely defending the latest programs of The Methodist Church.

One must agree with Mr. Kennedy that we have no use for "the false doctrine that inefficiency is holy and laxness is spiritual." What he overlooks is that more programs may contribute only to more inefficiency and laxness.

As a future minister in The Methodist Church, I hope that every Methodist will see such programs in proper perspective. Yes, we need activism! But we do not need mere hyperactivity.

Russell E. Owen, *Pastor, First Methodist Church, Lamont, Okla.*

I resent Bishop Kennedy's implication that ministers are lazy, unregenerate globs who have to have someone push them. I consider it blasphemous to think that goals, pressures, and "organization" ministers are the hope of the church.

To be sure, organizational structures are necessary to utilize the energy and direct the thrust of the church. However, it is a somewhat perverse inversion to consider that the life of the church is dependent upon organizational pressures.

The life of the church is grounded in God. Unless we give energy and time to the study of the Gospel, the church will more and more become confined to that segment of society that it is already reaching.

Hudson T. Hornsby, *Pastor, Pleasant Valley Methodist Church, Chantilly, Va.*

I, like Bishop Kennedy, believe the church should be active. However, what the bishop is really arguing is not Christian activism per se, but activity as prescribed by the general boards.

The theory here seems to be that the Holy Spirit works best through the top agencies of the church—a notion that has considerable refutation in history. What many pastors and churches would like and need to experience is the Holy Spirit working directly through them.

I cannot agree with the author that churches not having the organization we have are irrelevant, unattended, and lifeless.

Mrs. C. E. Hassig, *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Bishop Kennedy's writings always add tang and challenge to TOGETHER. I don't care so much about the colored pictures in the magazine, but appreciate the articles dealing with what's wrong with us and what we can do about it.

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FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the Division of World Missions of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church, incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, with headquarters at 475 Riverside Dr. New York City, New York, the sum of $_____, and the receipt of the Treasurer thereof shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors for the same, said sum to be used for the erection of a memorial (indicate whether church, hospital, school) building, located in (country), to be known as_____Memorial.

Mail coupon below for illustrated folder giving full particulars and other forms of bequest.

DIVISION OF WORLD MISSIONS OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y. TG3-35-1

Attention of the Treasurer. Gentlemen: Please send illustrated folder giving information helpful to me in planning a bequest to missions in my Will.

Name_____

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Together / NEWSLETTER

LATE FLASH FROM THE CONGO. As we go to press, phoned reports say all Methodist missionaries are being evacuated from chaos-rocked Northern Kasai Province. It's a sad side light on We're Back in the Congo (page 14) as layman Paul Alexander pilots our people out again—for how long, no one knows.

MISSIONARIES LEAVE CUBA. Only one of more than 50 Methodist missionaries remained in Cuba after the U.S. severed diplomatic relations with the island nation, the Board of Missions reports. Departure of the missionaries, the board said, was not due to any governmental action, but was primarily to save Cuban Christians from possible harm because of anti-U.S. feelings. Work of the Cuba Conference is being carried on by Cuban Methodist leaders.

CITE DR. SOCKMAN. The Upper Room Citation for 1961 will be given to Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Methodist Church, New York City, and nationally known radio preacher. The award is given annually by The Upper Room for outstanding contributions to world Christian fellowship.

BIRMINGHAM BISHOP DIES. Methodist Bishop Bachman G. Hodge, 67, of Birmingham, Ala., president of the Southeastern Jurisdiction's College of Bishops, died at his home January 5 following several months of failing health. He entered the ministry as an Army chaplain in 1917 and was elected a bishop in 1956.

ONE GREAT HOUR OF SHARING. Ten million Methodists will join members of 34 Protestant denominations March 12 in One Great Hour of Sharing. Methodist offerings that day will go to the Crusade Scholarships Fund, the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, the Ministry to Servicemen Overseas, and for emergency national-missions funds.

COMMISSION 70. High light of the concluding session of the Methodist Board of Missions' annual January meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., was the commissioning of more than 70 young people as missionaries. The board also disclosed it needs another 406 qualified workers to man its overseas missions in 1961.

(*More church news on page 67*)

THE 1961 ANNUAL

Alaskan

Cruise for Methodists

Come along for a delightful adventure in good fellowship, thrilling scenery and peaceful, restful voyaging in cool, far-northern waters on the annual fun-loving Alaskan Cruise for Methodists. Choice of two departure dates—June 12 and August 9 from Chicago. For the past ten summers these tours to Alaska have been operated for members of The Methodist Church, and each time a wonderful group of congenial people, who enjoy friendly travel together, assembled for the trip.

Sailing aboard Canadian Pacific's S. S. "Princess Louise" the cruise includes Ketchikan, Juneau, Mendenhall Glacier, Wrangell, Skagway, Lake Bennett and Carcross in Alaska and the Yukon. The scenic American Rockies, Rainier National Park, the Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise and Banff are included in the trip. An opportunity to see Methodists at work—altogether a marvelous escorted tour with the best company of fellow travelers imaginable.

Space on the tours is limited—Demands are heavy—Send your reservation in early.

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CORRECTING HEARING LOSS WITHOUT A HEARING AID

While the use of a hearing aid is the solution to many hearing problems, it isn't the only way to restore hearing. Facts about some types of hearing loss that can be corrected through medical treatment or by simple surgery are found in Zenith's booklet, "Hearing Loss and the Family Doctor," written by a nationally prominent physician and published by the Zenith Radio Corporation. To obtain a free copy of this valuable booklet, simply fill out the coupon below.

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CITY ZONE STATE

A comparison of the 149% increase in cost of living and the 105% increase in minister wages since 1939, with the cost of living reduced to a base figure of 100%. These percentages are derived from figures in the U.S. News and World Report, the 1959 Yearbook of American Churches and National Council of Churches research.

a report to thoughtful laymen

The Financial Dilemma of Ministers

Did you know that the average American minister's salary has failed to keep up with the cost of living? Perhaps this is why the National Council of Churches has found two-thirds of our more than 200,000 ministers living in debt.

Consider three basic points. In the first place, a minister is an educated professional man who must pay for the equipment and continued training needed to meet the demands of his occupation and the civic leadership he assumes to do his job better. Second, he is almost always a husband and father who must provide for his family. Third, he is an individual—a person as yourself —who needs the time and things which complement and recreate his working abilities and talents.

All of these cost money he seldom has. Recent figures compiled by the National Council of Churches place the average minister's salary more than a dollar an hour below what the average painter makes. And the minister has no 40-hour week. In fact, if a painter works 60 hours in one week (as his minister so often does) he would receive $228.90 according to Department of Labor statistics. Working the hours he does, a minister would earn over $1,000 a month as a painter.

Inflation, too, cripples the minister's income. National Council of Churches' figures show that the incomes of clergymen have increased 105% since 1939. *But in the same time the U.S. News and World Report charts a 149% increase in the cost of living, including taxes.*

The value of the dollar decreased faster than the minister's salary grew. Simultaneously, our increasingly complex society created new demands upon his money through more extensive education for his children, advanced medical procedures, new charities.

Today, as a result, many a minister faces financial difficulty. As a trained professional man and community leader, he must maintain the standards you expect of him. As a family head, he must provide his wife and children with the necessities of life. As a human being, he must engage in those same human activities you find so necessary for your own continued growth.

But it is impossible for many ministers to meet all of today's financial demands on a salary that is worth less than was the average minister's salary in 1939. True, a man does not follow the call to be a minister for material wealth. But shouldn't he be paid enough to live as people who respect his position would expect?

Josh Billings once said, "A congregation who can't afford to pay a clergyman enough, want a missionary more than they do a clergyman." *Church members, especially the guiding laity, must ask themselves how much shall be given to one who gives them all he has —the decision is theirs.*

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your Trustees and Board members are available on request.

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The Grace of Gratitude

By FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS
Chaplain, United States Senate

IN CHARLES DICKENS' *David Copperfield,* we are told that Mr. Micawber owed quite a sum to Mr. Thomas Traddles. Wishing to leave London with all his obligations looked after, he eagerly made out his I O U. When he presented this piece of paper to his creditor, he did it with such flourish and finesse that Traddles himself scarcely realized that not a farthing had been paid on the account.

Most of us smilingly shake our heads at Micawber, yet when it comes to our own chief obligations, we're obliged to imitate him. We can never really pay for the things that are worth most. There are enough unpayable bills recorded on the debit side of life's books to dynamite the complacency of any person tempted to boast that he is self-made. But it does help keep our feet on the ground of humility if we frequently recall that we are eating at vineyards we did not plant and drinking at cisterns we did not dig.

A man is only as great as his gratitude. Here in Washington, D.C., under the white dome of the nation's Capitol, I often gaze at the ceilings made glorious by the Michelangelo of this shrine of each patriot's devotion, Constantino Brumidi. He was an Italian immigrant, a refugee. His I O U to his adopted land seems written in the paintings across the ceiling above my desk: *My daily prayer is that I may live long enough to make beautiful the Capitol of the one country in the world in which there is liberty.*

No great personality is devoid of the grace of gratitude. No man can be great who is not grateful. To be ungrateful is to demonstrate sensibilities more akin to those of swine than of angels.

After years of terror in police-state fetters, a refugee found himself at last in this land of hope and glory. The day he received his citizenship papers, he entered the nearest church and fell on his knees to thank the Father of all mercies for the inestimable boon of being an American. Through tears of joy, this new citizen declared that he had discovered not just four freedoms, but four hundred.

In that spirit we give thanks that America is not a thing of the earth, but of the heart. It is a way of thinking and a way of acting. It is bounded not by oceans, rivers, or degrees of latitude, but by principles and ideals more precious than life itself. America is a stairway of opportunity, open for all to climb from the first step to the top. It is a vast melting pot in which is being produced a richer and more varied culture than the world has ever known. But at the same time it is a solemn warning that anyone who debunks the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount is preparing for himself hell on this earth, to say nothing of the next.

In this time of world crisis, when the precious things we hold nearest our hearts are threatened by sinister forces without pity or without conscience, we Americans must remember our unpayable bills. But we can make out our I O U for a grand country—grand in spite of its imperfections, its inequalities, and its insecurities. For it is the land of the friendly face turned to all the world.

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
That shows Thee ever nigh.
We are children of Thy freemen
Who sleep beneath the sod:
For the might of Thy arm
We bless Thee, our God,
Our fathers' God.

—UNKNOWN

The TROUBLED Land

LAST JUNE 30, the Congo celebrated its first day of full political independence after more than a half century of Belgian colonial paternalism. But joy soon turned to shock and terror when a wave of lawlessness—led by mutinous Congolese troops—swept the country. World peace hung in the balance during power struggles that followed. Finally, a hastily organized UN police force restored a ticklish outward stability in the churning new nation.

What had happened? Why had not the Congolese been prepared—and adequate national leaders trained—for the new era? Who was to blame?

The Methodist Church joined the rest of the world in soul-searching. Why, some asked, don't our missionaries give up and leave the Congo, as did thousands of European colonists and businessmen?

The answer lay deep behind the headlines. In few areas had Methodism concentrated such intense missionary effort. Without doubt, Protestantism had been a potent force partly responsible for the Congo's awakening [see *Change Comes to the Congo*, June, 1960, page 37]. Recognizing the crucial nature of forthcoming independence and the importance of helping prepare the newly awakened black man for leadership, The Methodist Church had earmarked the Congo as one of four Lands of Decision which received special attention and support during the 1956-1960 quadrennium. Moreover, Methodism *had* been successful in preparing a number of men for leadership. Pioneering Christian-mission schools, including those of other denominations, had trained virtually every Congolese leader.

Scattered throughout the Congo are 18 major Methodist centers, plus scores of schools and hundreds of churches. As Bishop Booth points out in his article, these centers were not disturbed by rioters. A revealing report also came from Howard Brinton, a veteran missionary serving in the city of Kolwezi in the Congo's Katanga province.

"Not even a pane of glass was broken through violence," he reported. "One reason for this was the courageous behavior of some of the African police force, members of our Methodist Church. On duty the night of the crisis, they barricaded the road leading from the African city to the commercial and European residential section of the town. This prevented would-be looters from getting through."

IT WAS HARD to believe last summer that any good news could come out of the Congo. But there *was* good news, at least for our group of Methodist missionaries waiting anxiously across the border in Southern Rhodesia. We had been evacuated from the Congo by the U.S. government, mainly as a precautionary measure.

Now, after two weeks, reports were coming in that none of our remaining personnel had been harmed, and none of our institutions had been damaged in the rioting and bloody fighting which still flared throughout the newly independent republic.

The general situation remained desperate and explosive, however, that day in late July when I flew back to my home in Elisabethville. The Southern Congo Annual Conference had been scheduled for the following week, but its fate remained greatly in doubt. Many questions occupied my mind. Would anyone attend? Some delegates, I knew, were members of tribes warring among themselves; others would have to cross 600 miles of African roads, possibly risking grave danger to themselves.

I was worried, too, about Mrs. Booth. I had not heard from her since July 14, although I knew she had taken a plane to New York and probably was safe. And always in the back of my mind was the concern that some sudden turn of events could wipe out a half century of missionary effort in this crucial area, and with it the good works of hundreds of dedicated Christians.

At home, I found everything just as we had left it. All was well, too,

Rioting had barely ended before our missionaries declared:

We're Back in the CONGO

By NEWELL S. BOOTH, Bishop, Elisabethville Area
As told to Herman B. Teeter

at Wallace Memorial Church in Elisabethville, that great landmark of Methodism in the Congo. (Many Americans are surprised to learn that this church, with some 5,000 members, was one of the largest Methodist churches in the world until it was divided into several congregations!)*

We held the Southern Congo Conference a week later than scheduled. As I stood surveying that great gathering, I knew that my fears had been unjustified. There, meeting in peace and harmony, were representatives of more than a dozen tribes, speaking as many different languages. Despite the formidable obstacles and dangers involved, all six districts were fully represented!

Once again the church had proved to be a unifying factor—almost the only one—in this land of discord. This became more apparent as we went ahead with plans for the next quadrennium. The Congo's explosive political situation, however, was never far from our thoughts.

There remained the task of surveying the situation in the Central Congo Conference far to the north. We wanted to know if delegates there could duplicate what their brethren in the Katanga region had done. So we organized a survey team, and took off by commercial plane to visit distant stations in the Kasai and Kwu provinces beyond Luluabourg.

The Congo is a land of contrast, colorful, varied, wild, immensely rich in undeveloped resources. As the great jungles, rivers, and plains slip beneath your plane (air is about the only practical way to travel in this region) you realize that this is only a small piece of Africa, although it is as large as the United States east of the Mississippi. What is going on down there is only a part of the ferment bubbling up in many sections of this vast continent. Some have said that the next decade belongs to Africa. Indeed, it could very well be the next century.

Bishop Booth, 30-year veteran of the Congo mission field, displays a cross hewn from native copper.

Everywhere we went, amid the confusing fights and conflicts which had been going on since June, we heard this plea from the Congolese:

"We want the missionaries to come back to us."

One put it this way: "Without you, it is as if we had rice without water to cook it in."

The missionaries hadn't wanted to leave the Congo. Nor had the Congolese wanted them to go. Soldiers of the undisciplined Congo Army had been responsible for much of the pillaging and destruction.

Simple incidents tell the story. One of our missionaries had left without locking his house. He returned to find that his Congolese neighbors had locked it for him and were safeguarding the premises during his absence.

There was other evidence, too. Nothing had been stolen from any of the missionary homes. Schools had not been harmed. Hospitals had remained open. More important, none of the Methodist churches—contrary to some early reports—had been closed. The same story is more or less true throughout Congo Protestantism.

One Congolese explained the situation this way:

"We owe our lives to missionaries. They have brought Christ to us. They have brought education to us. They have brought medicine to us. We owe to them everything we are and have that's good. Send them all back. We want every one of them. We will never ask any of them to go home."

You can imagine how reassuring these words were to those of us who had labored so long and so hard for the cause of Christ in the Congo. Africa has been my home and my life for more than 30 years, first as a missionary and then (for the past 17 years) as a bishop of the church. Elisabethville was only 20 years old when we arrived there. Now it is a town of nearly 180,000 in the heart of one of the world's most important mining areas.

It has been 31 years since I preached my first sermon in the

* *The largest Methodist Church in the U.S. is the Highland Park Methodist Church, Dallas, Tex., with 8,756 members.*

Congo. I preached it in English, a language my listeners could not understand—but the sermon was translated for them by a 14-year-old boy, the son of missionaries. His name is Howard Brinton, and he still serves our church in the Congo.

In the early days, we traveled by Model T on roads that were almost nonexistent. This year we will travel in a new plane. The pilot will be a Texan named Paul Alexander who has been granted a year's leave from his job so that he may serve Christ in this manner.

The Methodist Church is not stepping out of the Congo. Rather, it is stepping up its program. We have 1,000 congregations in this land of unknown destiny. We are stepping up the shift of leadership responsibility to African shoulders. Already, all our district superintendents are Africans. Two of them have completed their terms and have become administrative assistants in my area office. We have young Africans preparing for service as physicians. Literally hundreds of young men and women are teaching their young brothers and sisters in our schools. In many places, The Methodist Church in the Congo is 100 per cent self-supporting in pastoral care and also has undertaken the co-operative support of conference and world Christianity.

Let me emphasize that these things are still going on, even in the midst of continuing strife and struggle. We cannot, of course, foretell what the future holds. Unforeseen events may have changed the picture, even before this article appears. We do know that the church was powerless to prevent what has happened in the Congo; but conditions could have been unimaginably worse had it not been for the stabilizing influence brought to the scene by the followers of Christ.

This thought was summed up by John Wesley Shungu, one of our district superintendents, who told me: "Never has the church been so central in the life of the Congolese." Mr. Shungu is typical of the new leadership that must continue to emerge if order is to come out of chaos.

I can think of many others, too, who are devoting themselves unselfishly to the needs of their country and the kingdom of God in the Congo. Moise Tshombe, premier of the Katanga government, is Methodist trained and the son-in-law of Mwant Yav, paramount chief of 2.5 million Africans. Three years ago this great chief, himself a Christian, listed these five needs of the Congo in order of importance:

1 Christianity, 2 doctors and modern medicine, 3 education in all categories of life, 4 economic progress, 5 agricultural and technical progress.

I am sure Mwant Yav would agree with the president of one of the new nations of Africa who recently told the United Nations:

"The Congo is part of the life of humanity; the fate reserved for millions of men, women, and children should be looked at more closely. Let less be said of Messrs. Lumumba, Kasavubu, Mobutu, Illeo, and the others, but let more be pondered seriously to find a true and just solution for the problems of the people who yearn only for well-being, peace, and progress, as do all people everywhere."

Four leading Methodist laymen in the Congo were among several Methodists elected as city or territorial councilors in the first all-Congo elections early last year. Jadotville's first African mayor was a Methodist. Pierre Shaumba, who went to the U.S. as a Crusade Scholar in 1954 and attended Paine College in Augusta, Ga., was a district superintendent and now is general secretary of the Congo Protestant Council. Pinarro Mukunde, legal representative of the Southern Congo Conference, now makes his home where he once served as a houseboy for Bishop John M. Springer, that grand old man of Methodism, now retired.

James Lubona deserves special mention, although he is typical of many. His service to Christ spans practically the entire history of our missionary effort in the Congo. It has been 50 years since, as a mere boy, he sat down on a log in a jungle clearing and listened to the white missionary who had come to start his training for pastoral work. That missionary became Bishop Springer, who is now 87. A retired supply pastor, Lubona recently spoke at a celebration honoring Bishop Springer

Paul Alexander, a layman, at the controls of the new plane in which he will pilot missionaries to far-flung Congo outposts.

Fleeing the Congo, American families arrive back in the U.S. by Air Force transport.

From mission posts like this, deep in the Congo, came the plea: "Send the missionaries back. We want every one of them."

An ordained minister, he's typical of the new leadership now assuming responsibility among the Congolese.

Wallace Memorial Church, Elisabethville: Until it was split into separate congregations, its membership of 5,000 was one of the largest in Methodism.

and his half century of service in the Congo. The bishop has seen his work go ahead without a break at the famed Springer Institute at Mulungwishi.

Answering the crying need for trained leadership remains Congo Methodism's major task. Under Belgian rule, the emphasis was primarily on social and economic development. Now, in retrospect, it is easy to see that more should have been done to prepare the Congolese people for political participation.

We Protestants are undertaking a crash program to help meet this need. We are going to establish a Congo Polytechnic Institute and hope that it will be a step toward a Christian university.

The Congo Institute will not be an institution in the accepted sense of the word. There will be no central campus with tall towers and ivy-covered walls. Instead, it will be a decentralized training program operating in many parts of the Congo. Students will come to schools already in existence or to buildings the government will lend us or give to us.

Events to date have helped light the way toward answering the Congo's greater needs; now they are spurring us on. We can only trust that Methodists everywhere will realize that it is futile to lead people only part of the way to Christ. We do want to maintain the momentum of development that has come to the Congo; we want to make possible the preparation of its people for responsible citizenship.

These trying months have shown once again that the way of Jesus is the only way to assure that we will have a peaceful, a satisfying, and an enduring world.

The people of the Congo did not say to us: "We have no need of you." They called us back, with deep sincerity, so that we might stand with them again and walk with them in the dark hours.

They have said to us again and again:

"Yesu Ni Bwana"—Jesus is Lord.

BEAUTY WITH BRAINS. After her reign, a degree in home economics.

FAVORITE DAUGHTER. Proud citizens of Montague, Mich., are openly boastful about their favorite daughter. They've even erected a billboard to tell visitors that their town is the home of Nancy Anne Fleming, "Miss America 1961." The charming, 18-year-old Methodist won the title for her beauty—and for talent in designing, sewing, and modeling her own clothing.

Eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fleming's six children, Nancy Anne has been a seamstress since she was nine. She sews for other family members, too. They, in turn, serve as "taste-testers" for her cookery. Not that she needs to bargain for volunteers—she's also won several awards for her culinary talents.

Nancy Anne, a 1960 high-school honor graduate, won four college scholarships. Her victory in the Miss America pageant delayed but did not change her plans to enroll at Michigan State University. Her proposed major? Home economics, of course!

Unusual

FARM BOYS' PRESIDENT. Whether wielding a pitchfork or a gavel, Lyle Carpenter is a thoroughly capable young man of 19. At home, near Yuma, Colo., he owns 160 acres of cropland and a livestock enterprise of hogs and cattle. As partner with his father, he has half interest in another 1,720 acres and 130 beef animals. Yuma Methodists know his talents well: he's been "guest preacher" in their church. Beyond Yuma, he's gained recognition as president of the Future Farmers of America. Elected last fall to head the national organization of 380,000 blue-jacketed farm boys, he's taking a year away from agriculture studies at Colorado State University. But home-town folks know he'll never be too busy to attend church services.

CAPABLE CHAIRMAN. Home-town Methodists know the FFA president's speaking abilities.

'MOST ABLE.' When delegates were chosen for the second National Youth Conference on the Atom, planners sought "the nation's most able high-school science students and teachers." Among conferees picked to take part in the sessions at Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry and to tour nearby atomic-energy installations were the four Methodists pictured at right. They are (left to right): William B. McIlwaine, Mark C. Anderson, Dr. William G. Moore, and A. Chester McQuaide, Jr.

Prize-winning entries in science fairs helped both Mark and Chester win their trips. Mark's project dealt with production of artificial coloring; Chester's concerned light-beam communication. Both boys also are active in extracurricular activities, Mark at Needham, Mass., High School and Chester at Millville, Pa., Joint High School. McIlwaine teaches in Millersville, Pa., and Dr. Moore in East Stroudsburg, Pa.

ATOM CONFEREES. A nuclear power plant showed the atom's peaceful promise.

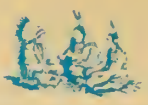
Methodists

KEYBOARD SPECIALIST. Janice Wichmann had won honors before, but none as thrilling as this. Scoring 199 of a possible 200 points, the 17-year-old Indiana schoolgirl earned the highest possible rating in the finals of the Chicagoland Music Festival Piano Contest. Her most exciting prize: an appearance before 65,000 Chicagoans, sharing center-stage with nationally known performers.

Back home in Milan, Ind., Janice maintains a high-school A average, plays saxophone, marches as a drum majorette, and sings in a girls sextet. She also serves as secretary for the district MYF organization.

PRECISION PIANIST. After four years of study, national laurels.

Abolish the World Court Veto?



MIDMONTH POWWOW

The International Court of Justice—often called the "World Court"—is one of six principal international organs established by the United Nations Charter. The court is open to all UN members, and to other countries on special conditions, for rulings on disputes between nations. The U.S. Senate, in 1946, endorsed U.S. participation in the World Court, but reserved a veto power—the right to declare any case "domestic" and thus not within the court's jurisdiction. This reservation is known as the Connally Amendment, after former Senator Tom Connally (D.-Tex.) who proposed it. Connally—and others—claim this clause is necessary to protect American sovereignty; his opponents see the clause as an unfair self-judging privilege which hampers international justice. With agitation for repeal growing and the issue likely to be thrust before the new Senate, we present arguments pro and con by two distinguished and highly respected spokesmen for their points of view.—EDS.

No! It helps insure our survival

. . . declares ROY E. WILLY, Former Chairman, American Bar Association's House of Delegates

THOSE OF US who favor retention of the Connally Amendment are being realistic as well as idealistic. Our free society is not indestructible. It will survive only if enough of us care to insure its preservation.

Approximately one third of the world's population lives under governments which offer some form of individual freedom. Roughly another third of the world exists under some form of totalitarianism. The rest of mankind lives in countries in which a spirit of reviving nationalism struggles under the handicap of a primitive social structure. These people are emerging from colonialism with little experience in self government.

Such is the reality which shapes our participation in international affairs.

Men who have desired freedom and security have established a stabilized structure of government which included a form of judicial administration to insure law and order. Peace through law is possible only when government is strong enough to support its courts and enforce their decrees. Courts have been created by a government to preserve the peace and law which the government itself was founded to secure.

The statement has often been made by those who favor repeal of the Connally Amendment that the rule of law will be assured once we have established a strong world court. They cite the fact that the six-shooter was silenced in the West by establishing the rule of law.

However, they ignore the fact that the six-shooter remained unchallenged as a means of settling disputes until after establishment of stabilized state and local governments which made possible the development of a court structure backed by the might of the state. Without the power of the state to enforce its decrees, courts are wholly ineffective.

Until a point has been reached in the development of our international relationships that will insure the success of some type of world organization—whether it be called United Nations, League of Nations, Federation of Nations, or the United States of the World—there is no possibility of any form of court structure which could insure peace through law. Peace through law is a goal which all men should strive to achieve, but it never will be reached by mere reliance on good intentions and kind words, and by ignoring the realities of life.

The facts of life are that we have peace in the world today only because of the military, political, and economic strength of the United States of America and its allies in a free world. Without our military might, political stability, and economic strength, we would fall easy prey to the aggressor who now refrains from direct attack on us only because of his fear of retaliation.

This is not a pleasant way to live. It is not one which we willingly would choose. However, the conditions responsible for this situation do exist, and our only present means of insuring survival are to retain intact our military, political, and economic structure. The Connally Reservation was adopted for just one purpose: to guard against the weakening of this structure.

Throughout U.S. history, we have never failed to accept arbitration—where it was possible—as a means of

settling international disputes. But there has not been in modern times a major conflict between nations that was possible to settle by judicial means. World Wars I and II did not arise out of disputes that could have been settled by a world court other than one supported by an overwhelmingly strong world government.

Those who favor repeal of the reservation claim we are blind to our own self-interests in failing to surrender fully to the jurisdiction of the present International Court of Justice. In support of that argument, they point out that our investments abroad run into the billions, that we maintain foreign bases, and that countless thousands of our nationals are employed abroad, stationed abroad in military and political service, or traveling abroad for pleasure. They say that by failing to support—without reservations—a world court, we jeopardize the security of these investments and the freedom of our nationals.

Just how successful a world court, under present conditions, could be in preserving investments made abroad by our citizens is well illustrated by what has occurred in Cuba under Fidel Castro. American-owned sugar and oil refineries have been taken over by decree, and American hotel properties, communications, and utilities have been confiscated—all without adequate compensation. American citizens have been threatened, imprisoned, and their freedom curtailed without justifiable cause.

There is but one answer to a dictator—force. That force must be applied directly, by the country interested or by a number of countries banded together to maintain peace. Cuba has never accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court, and the court has no jurisdiction to make that country party to a suit before it.

Soviet Russia and Red China are two great nations which today threaten world peace. They are countries in which the rule of law exists in name only. A world court, under present conditions, can no more insure their peaceful participation in international disputes than can one of their own nationals demand a fair, public trial in his own country's courts.

In the last 10 years there have been 16 cases of aggression in which American planes have either been forced down or shot down without justifiable cause. In many instances the pilots were killed or imprisoned. If we were a nation that did not wish to co-operate in a peaceful world, we'd have had ample provocation in these "incidents." But as we have proved again and again by our restraint, we are seriously dedicated to the cause of peace.

The United Nations, which is the structure upon which the International Court of Justice must rely for the enforcement of its decrees, is a divided house. Less than half of its members have accepted compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court. Russia and its satellites are among these nations which have refused to accept the court's jurisdiction.

It is also important to remember that the membership of the United Nations has been changing. In 1945 there were 51 members, of which 15 nations were African and Asian. By 1961, membership in the World Court had almost doubled. In so doing, the member nations from Africa and Asia increased to 50. By the end of 1962, it is estimated, World Court membership will increase to 108, of which 58 will be Asian and African nations.

In 1945, on the other hand, the largest single bloc of membership—22 of the total of 51—was composed of the United States and its Western Hemisphere neighbors. By 1961, membership from Africa alone outnumbered those from the Americas by 26 to 22; and at the end of 1962, Africa will be represented by 34 members.

The nations which have accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court are, in the main, our friends. Any disputes which arise between us are amicably adjusted by diplomacy, voluntary submission to arbitration, or by accepting the jurisdiction of the court.

These nations do not jeopardize world peace. The nations which do are not members of the court. And

THE MAN WHO NEVER WANTED TO FIGHT AGAIN

In 1946, the year the Connally Amendment was passed, the conservative Chicago Daily Tribune *took this stand against world government.*

none, within its own borders, subscribes to the rule of law as we know it.

The one third of the world which is emerging from colonialism offers almost as little freedom to the individual as does the totalitarian state. There is little to choose between them, at least for the present.

The Connally Reservation insures that no question involving a purely domestic issue shall ever be brought before the World Court. There is no clear definition as to what constitutes a domestic issue as distinguished from an international question. The shades of difference are often hard to define.

For just this reason, the Connally Reservation is to our benefit. By accepting the jurisdiction of the World Court, we agree to submit to it all international questions—but we reserve purely domestic issues for our own determination.

We in the U.S. feel that our own future security and stability of government offers the world the greatest possible hope for a future in which peace, freedom, and security comparable to our own will exist. We can best insure that hope by preserving our own form of government and its integrity. By eliminating any possibility of interference with problems we consider purely domestic, we contribute to that stability.

Until such time as the possibility exists of a coalition of all nations working to insure freedom and personal security to the peoples of the world, our greatest duty is to maintain unimpaired our own political structure.

Yes! It makes us a laughingstock

. . . says ARTHUR LARSON, Director of the World Rule of Law Center, Duke University

WHEN A change is advocated, it is proper to ask: *What will be gained?*

The United States, by repealing the Connally Amendment, would be able to satisfy in the International Court of Justice its legal claims, and those of its citizens and corporations, against countries which can now have the case thrown out of court because of the reciprocal effect of the amendment. No matter how fully any other country might have accepted the International Court's jurisdiction, under the principle of reciprocity it has only to say, when sued by the U.S.: "We think this is domestic."

At this point, the U.S. has no recourse whatever. Thus the Connally Amendment destroys every conceivable right that the U.S. might have to enforce any legal claim under the jurisdiction of the World Court. More than 30 countries now could block us in this fashion. They couldn't if the amendment were repealed.

We are the country that needs legal protection more than any other. We are the nation with $45 billion invested within other countries' boundaries and with 500,000 nationals and 700,000 tourists abroad. We are the nation with foreign bases, communications installations, transportation facilities, and economic and technical-aid projects. The chances of our needing, as plaintiffs, the help of the court are many times as great as the chances of our appearing as defendants.

Moreover, the Connally Amendment is probably invalid. To back this contention, I cite two reasons. One is that the statute of the court provides: "In the event of a dispute as to whether the court has jurisdiction, the matter shall be settled by the decision of the court." At least seven of the judges of the International Court, in separate opinions, have pronounced the Connally Amendment invalid.

The second reason for the Amendment's invalidity is based on a familiar principle of law: that any instrument which allows a party to determine the existence of its own obligations is not valid and enforceable. The clause is a constant source of humiliation to us in international affairs because it violates the elementary principle of law that no man shall be a judge in his own case. A person who demanded the right to judge his case in domestic law would become a laughingstock. The effect is no different on the international scene.

If the Connally Amendment were repealed, the U.S. and the world would advance substantially toward the goal of world peace, through settlement of international disputes by orderly legal processes.

Many disputes which threaten peace have legal questions embedded in them. The Suez dispute, for example, centered around legal questions involved in the alleged breach of Egypt's agreement with the Universal Suez Company and of the Treaty of Constantinople of 1888. Similarly, the continuing Berlin problem involves several specific legal disputes, notably rights of access to Berlin under various agreements and the Soviet claim of having the right to transfer its obligations under the Four-Power Pact to the administration of East Germany.

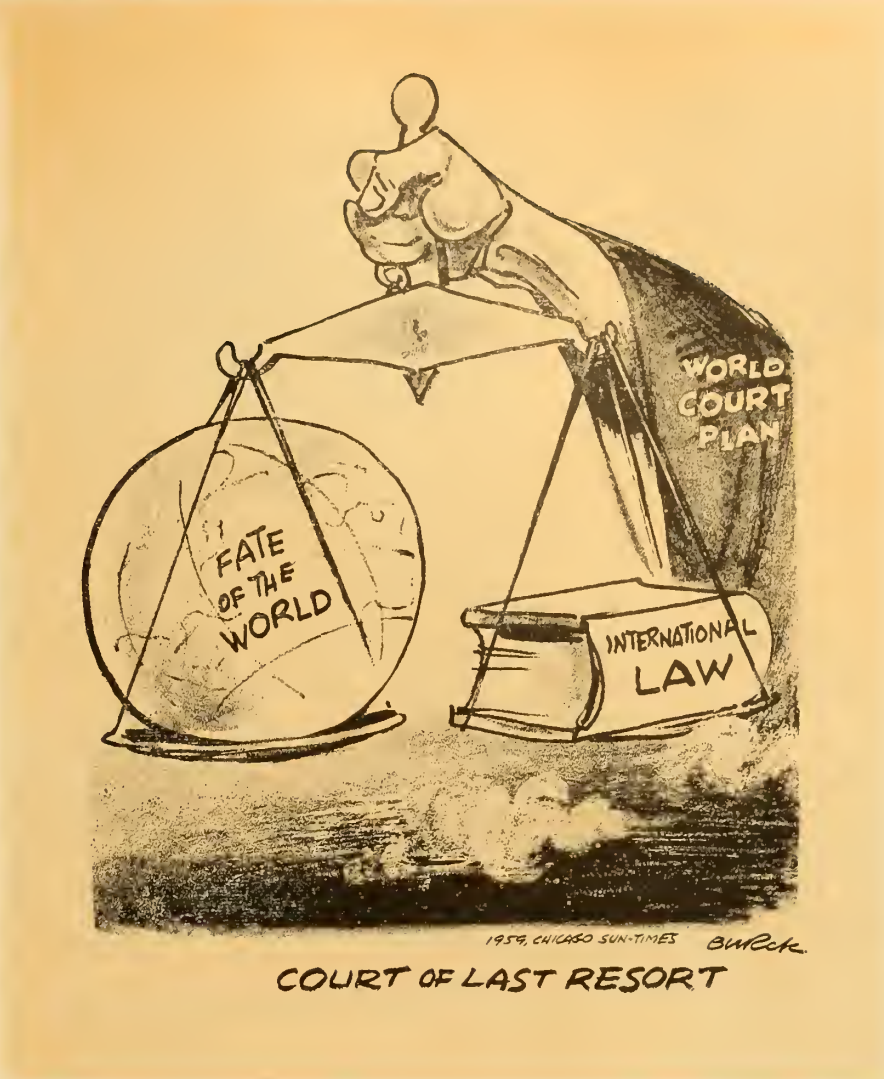
Boundary disputes are amenable to judicial settlement. The International Court already has handled several.

Aerial incidents also could be handled in court. The U.S. several times has attempted to bring such cases before the judicial body.

Some disputes, of course, are intrinsically political and can be settled only by diplomacy, particularly those that involve changes in existing rights. But the above sampling of actual disputes should be sufficient to refute the unsupported statement, frequently heard, that the really important disputes are not the kind that the court could help settle.

Another major gain that repeal of the Connally Amendment would bring is restoration of U.S. ability to take leadership in the broad program of achieving peace through law in the world. This peace-through-law movement is a large-scale effort to strengthen and modernize both the substance of international law and the machinery for administering it, with a view to encouraging all nations to submit disputes to adjudication, arbitration, or mediation.

In 1959, the Connally Amendment was back in the news—where it remains today—when the Chicago Sun-Times *editorially endorsed its repeal.*



COURT OF LAST RESORT

Yet as the U.S. intensifies its efforts in this direction, it is constantly met with the question: "But what about the Connally Amendment?" Our failure to show faith in the International Court and in legal settlement of international disputes has exposed us to the charge that we are not matching our words with deeds.

When the U.S. first adopted the self-judging clause, seven other countries followed suit. The trend now is away from this kind of clause, but France, India, and Great Britain, all of which have repealed their self-judging clauses, have taken the lead. The U.S. is the only major power retaining such a clause.

What of the arguments against repeal? It is said that there is no rule of law to guide the court in determining what matters are essentially international or domestic. This is untrue. Under the rule of law clearly laid down in the case of *Nationality Decrees Issued in Tunis and Morocco,* matters are deemed international only when they are regulated by international law. That would exempt tariffs, immigration, and civil-rights questions, for example, from the International Court's jurisdiction.

Of the 25 cases that have come before the court, 15 have been dismissed on jurisdictional grounds. This is hardly the record of a court that is conspiring to grab areas of jurisdiction to which it is not entitled.

A glance at the background of the 15 judges, most of whom have been justices of the highest courts of their country, occupants of the highest legal offices in their nation's government, or distinguished professors of international law, will show how unfounded are these fears of radical and irresponsible decisions. Moreover, individual judges have voted against the positions advocated by their own countries in 23 of 103 occasions.

One of the flimsiest arguments is the fear that presence of two judges from Communist countries makes the court unreliable. As a matter of simple arithmetic, this leaves the non-Communist majority at 13 to 2. The voting record of the Communist judges also shows clearly there is no particular Communist party line in their decisions. Indeed, on a crucial issue in the last big case the U.S. had before the court, the Soviet judge voted in favor of the U.S. position and the U.S. judge voted against that position!

Defenders of the Connally Amendment also have argued that someday the court may change. But, again, consider the arithmetic. The judges hold office for nine years, so any change sufficient to alter the character of a majority of 15 judges would take at least six years.

Would greater use of the World Court sacrifice U.S. "sovereignty"? Sovereignty is something to be used. We use our sovereignty to make advantageous treaties. Yet by repealing the Connally Amendment, giving up our complete freedom of action to some extent, we would gain valuable benefits. In this case, we would be using our sovereignty to gain a system of dispute settling that would bring us nearer world peace.

A final argument holds that, whatever the merits of repeal, the U.S. is not yet ready for it. Facts do not bear out this claim. Every official, individual, or organization that may be said to have any degree of specialized or firsthand knowledge of the problem is on the side of repeal. This includes the Democratic Party, former President Eisenhower, and the American Bar Association.

Repeal of the amendment is only one step toward a world of peace under law. But if we are incapable of even this first move, it is difficult to see how we can go on to the other difficult tasks that lie ahead, much less inspire other countries to do the same. Even the longest journey begins with a single step, and repeal of the Connally Amendment is this single step that starts us on the path to the substitution of law for force in international disputes.

For the moment, at least, artist-at-work overrules boy-meets-girl.

Looking almost angelic, Wayne Daniel, 6, applies his hands and his mind to the challenge of art.

Wayne Makes a Rainbow

TAKE SEVERAL effervescent youngsters, drape each in a protective smock, and turn them loose with paint brushes, ready-mixed water colors, and plenty of paper "canvases." Chaos? More than likely they'll come up with pictures more imaginative and alive than many hanging in today's art galleries.

Of course, there's no suppressing the enthusiasm a youngster wants to share—usually noisily—when he's enjoying himself. But much of this is channeled to his work. It shows up in spectrum bright montages, in bold designs from imaginations newly tapped, in a refreshing directness of approach to subjects grownups would

This is the result of Wayne's first attempt at brush painting: a bold-striped rainbow of which he's very proud.

There are times when even a beginning artist must pause to contemplate his work and compare it with that of others. Wayne's rainbow stood the test well.

obscure with dabs of detail. [See TOGETHER's most recent Small Fry pictorial, *The Nicest Thing About Christmas,* December 1960, page 37.]

All this happened just last spring in Indianapolis, Ind., when 2,377-member North Methodist Church held a two-week Festival of Religion and Art. There were lectures and discussions; exhibits of photography, sculpture, painting, ceramics, stained glass, rare books, church architecture; performances of religious drama, music, and dance—plus, tailored for the youngsters, Saturday-morning art workshops climaxed by a public exhibition.

In one of these workshop sessions —for kindergartners—was the young lad featured on these pages. His name is Wayne Daniel, and his six-year-old fancy was smitten with the idea of painting a rainbow. So he did, with the result—and the fringe satisfactions—shown here.

When festival time comes again to North Church next month (April 9-23), Wayne is sure to have a headful of new ideas. And if he remembers the product of his labors last year, he might—just might—carry that theme to its logical conclusion: a water-color pot of gold!

Some of the pent-up horseplay Wayne had subordinated while painting broke out when he lined up for lunch in the church basement. He's wearing the "hat."

Now, at last, time for boy-meets-girl. But, not so strangely, most of the talk in this artist's circle was of painting.

Are You A Tip-Giver,

By LOUIS CASSELS
Religion Editor, United Press International

EACH YEAR our American newspapers and church periodicals carry cheerful little items reporting that contributions to religious organizations climbed to an all-time high in the United States during the preceding 12 months.

These stories are based on statistical reports issued annually by the National Council of Churches and various leading Protestant denominations. The reports invariably are studded with success words like "gain," "increase," and "new record." They encourage us to believe what we're eager to believe anyway—that we Americans are a nation of open-handed givers, enormously generous in our support of all good causes, and especially religious causes.

It's a flattering self-image. And it's as phony as a $3 bill.

As a nation, we are *not* generous to our churches. By any Christian standard of giving, we are stingy.

Those are harsh words. But it's time we faced the truth about our giving habits.

Jesus made it clear, in the parable of the widow's mite, that there is only one yardstick by which the generosity of a gift can be measured: what *proportion* of the giver's total wealth does it represent? When we hold this yardstick against our proudly advertised "record" contributions to churches, the results are pretty shocking.

Total contributions to all U.S. religious organizations—including Protestant and Catholic churches, Jewish synagogues, and all their related missionary and philanthropic enterprises—come to about $3 billion a year.

That sounds like a lot of money until you compare it with total personal income, *after taxes,* of $340 billion. Then you discover by a little arithmetic that we are devoting only one per cent of our spendable income to religious purposes.

This modest figure—1 per cent—apparently represents our fixed judgment of what is God's proper share of our growing national wealth. The relationship of total giving to total personal income has remained virtually constant for the past 30 years. Through boom times and depressions, peace and war, it has fluctuated only slightly from one per cent.

Evidently, if we are experiencing a great "religious revival" in America, it has not yet reached the pocketbook level.

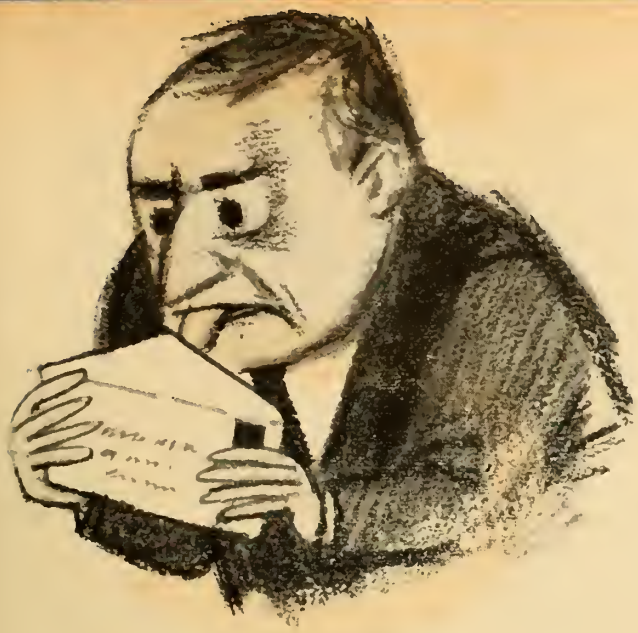
At this point, someone may protest that you can't judge a nation's—or an individual's—devotion to God by such a crass material measure as the amount of money given to churches.

Can't you? Jesus seemed to think you could. He said that where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also. The implication is that you can tell pretty clearly, by the way a person spends his money, the relative values which he attaches to various things.

We Americans spend, on an average per-capita basis, about 5 cents a day to further the kingdom of God—while we're spending 9 cents for tobacco, 15 cents for alcohol, 22 cents for recreation, 58 cents for transportation, 59 cents for taxes and $1.12 for food. And on this money, which we devote so overwhelmingly to our personal comfort, we piously proclaim that it is "in God we trust."

Let's bring this thing a little closer home. So far we've been talking about Americans as a whole. What about Methodists?

Here again, it is easy to practice self-delusion by looking only at total giving figures. The latest statistical compilation by the department of stewardship and benevolence of the National Council of Churches shows The Methodist Church leading all other Protestant bodies in total contributions with a figure of $512,164,658 for the year 1959.



Dues-Payer, or Tither?

But The Methodist Church also has more members than any of the other denominations—9,815,460 at the time of the report. If you divide total membership into total contributions, you find that the average per-member contribution is $52.18 a year, or about $1 a week.

(Figures compiled by The Methodist Church's statistical office show 9,910,741 members giving a total of $539,506,175, or an average of $54.43, in 1960.)

On this basis, The Methodist Church ranks 42nd—fourth from the bottom—among the 46 denominations covered in the National Council's latest survey.

Never mind "Who's below us?" Let's look at the denominations on the other end of the scale. At the top of the list are two small Methodist bodies—the Free Methodist Church, with an average per-member contribution of $269.71 a year, and the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with a figure of $228.13.

There are 12 other denominations whose members give at least twice as much, per capita, as the members of The Methodist Church. These denominations are not composed of rich people. Their membership is drawn from far less privileged economic groups than is the membership of The Methodist Church.

Now let's come still closer to home. The "average Methodist" who gives $1 a week to his church is not a real-life person. He's a purely hypothetical fellow who exists only on a statistician's scratch pad.

In real life, there are three kinds of givers who vary widely in their motivations as well as in the amount of money they contribute to the church.

The tip-giver is one. He is very numerous, constituting perhaps half of the nominal membership of the average congregation. When he comes to church (which is an uncertain and infrequent phenomenon), he drops into the plate whatever change he may happen to find in his pocket. If it's the kind of congregation where the clang of coins may embarrass him, he fishes a dollar bill from his wallet, folds it in half, and lets it flutter silently onto the plate.

He may not think of it in just those terms, but what he's doing is giving God a tip for the spiritual nourishment which has been served up at the worship service. It is hard to believe that God is gratified.

The dues-payers form the next largest group. They give systematically and regularly to the church, via a pledge or an envelope system. But the amount of their contribution is not related to the size of their income.

Some of them try to calculate precisely their "fair share" of the church's operating costs. They divide the annual budget by the number of families on the membership rolls, and give accordingly. Others simply pick a nice, round respectable-sounding figure, like $2 a week, or, more often $1 a week. They pay this sum as faithfully as they pay their country-club dues, which are usually considerably larger.

Finally, there are *the tithers*. They are a definite minority, but there are more of them than you might suspect. Without a fair-sized cadre of tithers to bring the average up, the church would suffer even more than it does from financial malnutrition.

Tithers give at least 10 per cent of their income to church and charity. But those who have grasped the true spirit of tithing do not look at it in this light. They are inclined to view the whole transaction from the opposite end.

They feel that everything they have—their time, their talents, their money—already belongs to God. This attitude is the essence of Christian commitment. It is perfectly expressed

in the ancient prayer that is part of the Holy Communion service: ". . . and here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto thee. . ."

When the Christian tither sits down to fill out his church pledge card, he doesn't ask himself: "How much of my money shall I give to God?" His question is: "How much of God's money shall I spend on myself and my family?"

Once you put it that way, it seems rather selfish to keep, for your personal use, 90 per cent of the money that has been entrusted to your stewardship. That's why tithers rarely think of themselves as generous givers.

The number of tithers in American churches has been growing, slowly but steadily, as a result of the stewardship education programs undertaken by The Methodist Church and several other major Protestant bodies in recent years.

Some observers, both lay and ministerial, regard the growth of the tithing movement as proof that, beneath all the froth of superficial religiosity, a genuine spiritual revival is finally getting underway in the churches.

The primary importance of tithing, these observers say, is not the amount of money it brings in to church programs (although this is considerable and badly needed).

Tithing is important, first of all, because it is symptomatic of genuine, wholehearted Christian commitment. "Casual Christians" may attend church services, participate in church activities, bring their children to church school, and make token pledges. But only a convinced Christian is likely to accept, for himself and his family, the real financial sacrifice which tithing is popularly supposed to entail.

I say "supposed" to entail because it is the unanimous testimony of tithers that the actual sacrifice never turns out to be anywhere near as painful as they had anticipated. There are many tithers who say that their family budgets are, in fact, *easier* to balance after they begin to consult God about how he wants his money used. But that's another story.

It is impossible to forecast how far and how fast the tithing movement will grow in the years ahead. But this prediction can be made:

If a majority of America's church members become tithers, instead of tip-givers or dues-payers, the church of Christ will suddenly come alive.

More particularly, we could reasonably expect these developments:

Perennially starved mission boards will find themselves with enough resources to do a real rather than a token job of taking the Gospel to the two thirds of humanity which does not yet know Christ.

Instead of turning away qualified applicants for lack of space, seminaries will expand to meet the acute shortage of trained clergymen.

A Christian education at a church-related college will become an opportunity for many rather than a privilege for a few.

The pastors and boards of local churches will concentrate on the vital jobs of Christian nurture and evangelism, instead of pouring a large part of their time and energy into an endlessly frustrating battle to keep the budget in precarious balance.

When and if all this happens, then it will be time to publish cheerful little items about the record sums that Americans give to their churches.

What the Average Member Gave in 1959

$52.18	The Methodist Church 9,815,460 members
$71.12	Congregational Christian Churches 1,414,595 members
$82.30	United Presbyterian Church, USA 3,145,733 members
$269.71	Free Methodist Church 55,568 members
$93.89	Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod 2,304,962 members
$61.36	Protestant Episcopal Church 3,359,048 members
$53.88	Southern Baptist Convention 9,485,276 members
$60.93	Disciples of Christ 1,801,414 members
$69.13	Average for 35 denominations which can be directly compared.

Per-member giving of typical denominations—for all purposes—from the latest NCC survey, with membership of each of the groups.

The tale that couldn't be told—the heart-warming story of

Kate Field, Postmistress

By ELMER ELLSWORTH HELMS

"Standing in the middle of that great banquet hall was a small, plain country woman, her bonnet years out of style."

BENJAMIN HARRISON was then President; James G. Blaine, Secretary of State; John Wanamaker, Postmaster General; Robert Lincoln, our representative at the Court of St. James's, and Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

The President, with no little difficulty, had persuaded John Wanamaker to become Postmaster General. The word that finally won him was, "I want a man who can put real business system into the postal organization; and I do not know another man who, in my judgment, can do it as effectively as you."

When Mr. Wanamaker had been in office 15 months, he invited several hundred postmasters and postmistresses from all sections of the country and representing all classes of post offices, to come to Washington for three days to talk over, "How we can improve the postal system and service." Transportation, hotels and miscellanies were all paid by Mr. Wanamaker.

The third night, which also ended the meeting, a banquet was tendered the delegates by Mr. Wanamaker. No expense was spared. At the speaker's table, besides Mr. Wanamaker, were President Harrison, Secretary of State Blaine, Chief Justice Fuller, and a special guest, Kate Field.

Kate Field—journalist, lecturer, author, actress—was then the rage in Washington and over much of the country. Her magazine, *Kate Field's Washington,* was the vogue. She was a sort of Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson, Emily Post rolled into one. When she accepted the invitation it was with the expressed condi-

that she would not be asked to speak. Her reason: "I know nothing about the postal business and I never speak on a subject I know nothing about." Early in the evening she was presented, but that was all.

Mr. Wanamaker presided. He reviewed the work of the three days' conference. And then, in turn, he presented the President, the Secretary of State and the Chief Justice. Each made an address. That ended the formal speaking. Mr. Wanamaker arose to conclude the meeting when there burst forth from the delegates, "Kate Field," loud and long continued. Mr. Wanamaker bent over Miss Field trying to persuade her to, at least, say a few words. Her only response was: "Remember your promise."

Suddenly there was an ominous silence. Mr. Wanamaker looked up to behold a strange sight. Standing in the middle of that great banquet hall was a small, plain country woman, her bonnet years out of style. Across her shoulders a once black, but long since greenish shawl. All eyes were upon her. That awesome silence said, "In a moment they will be yelling, 'Sit down.'"

Kate Field sensed the situation in a second. Glancing down the printed list of names, she read, "Kate Field, postmistress, Cumberland Corners, Ky., fourth class." Instantly she was on her feet clapping her hands and shouting, "Kate Field of Kentucky." The crowd joined—as crowds always do.

And the little country postmistress said: "Fur the life of me I can't understand why you called fur me to speak. It's the last thing I expected when I came to this banquet and this meeting. In fact when I got Uncle Sam's invitation I didn't see how I could come at all. What with Ma chair ridden, and no one to keep the post office, or care for the chickens, or look after the young turkeys, and so many things. I was about to give up the thought of coming, when I met up with Brother Elkanah Barton, pastor of the Hard Shell Baptist Church.

"He says, 'Kate, 'taint fittin' for unmarried females like you to go gaddin' off up north alone among all that wickedness, 'specially since them Republicans have taken over the guv'ment. Cleveland ain't no longer President—maybe, Kate, you don't know that.' When Brother Elkanah said that—insultin' my intelligence—I sez, 'I'm going now no matter who says I shan't.'

"But while you all was callin' fur me to speak and I was saying to myself 'why?' it came to me that maybe it's because these three days we've heard lots about the big post offices, but nothing has been said about little post offices like mine.

"Well, I can tell you this: The plague of postmistresses down where I lives is these Republican pensioners. Every month when they comes for their checks, a lot of 'em want me to share with them. 'Share and share alike' is their word. I ain't sharing with no Republican pensioner, bachelor or widderer. I ain't that kind of a marryin' woman. I wouldn't vote for no Republican Postmaster General if I could vote, which I can't. But since these wonderful three days, I might make an exception of Mr. Wanamaker, 'specially since I am told he owns two stores bigger'n any store in Cumberland Corners.

"You've heard lots o' jokes about them that keep post offices readin' the mail. With me that ain't no joke. Ours is a mountain country. Lots of the mountain folks don't get down to town once a month. Mail seldom comes for them 'cept bad news—death, sickness, or worse troubles. I reads it, then I gits somebody with a sure-footed mule, and willin' heart, to take the mail where it orter go.

"Yes, and while I'm confessin' to you all, and 'specially to our Postmaster General, I once committed forgery. You see, I haster read lots o' folks mail 'cause they can't read. Widder Hover's boy Jake ups and runs away and she never had nary a word from him.

"One day a letter came and I sent her word. She came down in about a week and I give her Jake's letter. She can't read a word. But she never lets on. She blames it on her eyes. So she says, 'Kate, read it fur me; I'm havin' heaps of trouble with my eyes.' I read—to myself, 'Dear Ma. This is a fine country up north. Even the Republicans ain't so bad. I am well and I hope you are the same. I hope you can send me some money soon. I sure need it. Jake!'

"When I seed what it said, I pretended I'd haster git my glasses. I stepped out o' sight and I changed that last part to read, 'I hope I can send you some money soon. You sure need it.' If you had seen the widder's face you'd been glad if you had committed forgery. She went out like she had wings, and a shoutin' 'I knowed there was good in Jake, I knowed it.' And then I sat down and if I didn't write that good fur nothin' a letter. I telled him how I committed forgery to save his face to his poor, ole ma. And I said, 'If you don't git to work and git some money and send it to your ma, I'm coming up thar, and when I am through with you, you'll look funny runnin' aroun' with no skin on you.' And he did.

"By readin' the mail which I orten to, I've kept many a nice gurl from goin' out nights with the wrong feller. I know it's not the rules of the department. But it's in my rules. And by readin' what I shouldn't, and vice versa, I've seen that nice gurls who never git no letters because they ain't got no nice clothes—well, I've seen that they got a nice dress and then they git letters from the right boys and that helps business, and builds families, and sells stamps and —does good all around.

"Postmistresses like me have to be a lot o' things—doctor, nurse, father confessor, and what not. I'll never forgit the night of the big mill fire. They brought men down so burned you couldn't tell which was which. How me and my kit full of everything worked all that night! And when they brought Jim down from the mountain with a piece o' steel in his eye, it took four men to hold him. I jes' took my magnet and touched Jim's eye and

READER'S CHOICE

Cumberland Corners, Ky., must have been proud of its benevolent postmistress, Kate Field. Ruth Birch of Rialto, Calif., was particularly touched by her story and nominated it as a *Reader's Choice*. It first appeared in THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE in May, 1944, and was reprinted in 1947 in *Reader's Digest* . . . What's your favorite story or article? Let us know, sending a tearsheet if possible. If your suggestion is first, and it is used, we'll send you $25 as we did Miss Birch.—EDS.

—there was the steel. There ain't nothin' like bein' prepared.

"But law! Jes' listen to me. I didn't intend to go on like this. You'll be takin' me fur another Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, which I ain't, but only Kate Field, postmistress, Cumberland Corners, Kentucky, the best fourth-class post office in this good ole U. S. A."

When she sat down, the applause and hand clapping were deafening, and every person was standing. Mr. Wanamaker stood with bowed head and face bathed in tears. He quietly said, "Every newspaper man must see me here before leaving the room."

When the reporters came he said to them, "I saw you writing as though your life depended upon it. I know you have the story of your career. But you can't print it. Were that dear, old Kentucky country postmistress to discover she was not the Kate Field the crowd was clamoring for, it would break her heart. We can't break such hearts as that. That story must not be printed while she is living."

Years passed. Many years passed. One morning the little Cumberland Corners post office didn't open. The young turkeys, chickens, and geese made much clatter around the little cottage of the postmistress. It was hours late for their breakfast. Finally the neighbors knocked on the front door. No response. They found an unlatched window. One of their number went through. Kate was an early riser. This morning she was still in bed. She lay very still. Her thinning gray hair looked thinner and grayer. On the pillow beside her lay a yellow-with-age clipping from a Washington daily paper. It could still be read:

"The closing speech was the speech of the evening. It was also a great surprise. And evidently wholly unprepared. The ovation at its close should warm the speaker's heart till the end of her days."

In a trembly, old hand, was written beneath, "It did."

Author's Note: *Mr. John Wanamaker told me this story more than a quarter of a century ago. But with the explicit promise that I would not give it publicity as long as Kate Field was living. I have recently learned that she has passed away.—E.E.H.*

How to WRITE BETTER LETTERS

By Jim Scott

IF THE PEN is mightier than the sword, then many of our arsenals of friendship must be running dry. Letter writing is becoming a lost art.

Are telephones and TV short-circuiting that letter you were about to whip off? Have your ideas dried up? Or perhaps you are merely coasting, safe in the knowledge that you match the recipient of Thomas B. Aldrich's note:

"It was very pleasant to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and a perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. . . . Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever . . . unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime."

Members of the rocking-chair set are among the most prolific letter writers of all time. My wife and I have received a letter every Monday from her mother since we moved to California in 1944. Her life revolves around the Abingdon, Ill., Methodist Church and her letters sparkle with news of mutual friends, her gardens, and her endless activities.

Few personal letters written by young people today have much meaning. Most of them bear a message or a request and seldom run more than three paragraphs.

Conversely, America's pioneers left behind beautifully written letters. The Bancroft Library at the University of California contains thousands written on wagon trains. They paint a graphic picture of the settlement of the West. Their sincerity and forcefulness make them seem more alive than week-old letters.

A single letter may express the spirit of a man better than the best biography. An admirable example is the letter addressed by Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby of Boston who, he had been told, had lost five sons in battle.

"I pray," he wrote in part, "that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice on the altar of freedom."

No one needs to be told how great was the soul from which those words came. Letters of condolence are seldom easy to write. The problem is not to go overboard. If you knew well the person who died, you can let yourself go; such emotion rings true. If, however, you are writing to console a person with whom you have had limited acquaintance, a different approach is possible. Why not put in words your memories, so that the recipient may relive some of the joyous experiences with you?

Letters of congratulation *must* be bolstered by the personal recollection. There is no need to spare the "I," for you are sharing in someone's good fortune and want him to know your joy.

"Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens!" wrote the Scottish jurist-critic Francis Jeffery after reading *A Christmas Carol,* "and may it always be as light and full as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings. . . .

"You should be happy yourself, for you may be sure that you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits in Christendom since Christmas, 1842."

Perhaps there is the key: Give of yourself in your letters. Make them true heart-talkers. Make them sing. And then as long as men love, the art of letter writing may survive.

Say, what kind of a party is this? Didn't anyone bring dolls to play with?

A child's-eye view of a grown-up gathering:

Young Lady at a WSCS Meeting

YOU'VE PROBABLY already noticed the fidgeting figure who's central in the photos on these two pages. The little blonde charmer is Carol Speirs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Speirs of Lead, S.Dak., who were featured in TOGETHER for September, 1960, as *People Called Methodists*. That's Mommy (Gladys Speirs) whose lap Carol occupies—at first.

Around the table in a church-school room of Lead's Methodist Church are members of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, planning the menu for their annual Family Night Supper and Bazaar. Carol, prim and lady-like in her pastel-checkered coat and pleated skirt, started the afternoon with tentative interest (above). But some things adults discuss, especially as a committee, just don't have any drama for a lively six-year-old. In this case, talk about Swedish meatball recipes came out a poor second in competition (for Carol's attention) with a cache of toys she spotted in a corner of the room.

Carol didn't write the picture captions herself, but we have a hunch they express some of the thoughts which were flitting through the young lady's mind that day.

I've been tricked! These ladies just came to talk about cooking. Wonder if they'd like a mud-pie recipe? . . .

Talking about ice cream or cookies is one thing, but a whole hour on Swedish meatballs? If I could just get a word in . . .

Sometimes I think grownups don't like to do anything but talk!

It's silly to waste good playtime! Guess it's up to me to get something constructive done.

Poor Mommy! It's a good thing I'm here to keep her company. But this sitting gets pretty tiresome . . .

Recalling her own experiences, a divorcee comes forward with helpful suggestions on . . .

How to Treat Your Divorced Friends

A Together in the Home Feature by JANE DOE

THE OTHER DAY a woman associate stopped me outside my office and said, "I ran into your ex last night. He looked so well. And he was so charming—not at all moody and caustic like he used to be. His entire personality has changed since you two were divorced."

All I could manage was a weak, "Oh?" I could think of no proper answer. Inwardly I winced, even though it has been seven years since the divorce and, theoretically, I should have felt no emotional reaction. Bad manners, I realized, were to blame for the remark, not malice.

However, it rankled all evening. It reminded me of the unhappy marriage, the ugly divorce, and of all the hundreds of tactless and bewildering things said to me during those divorced years. Nor could I understand why outsiders were still thinking of my former husband and me as a separated Noah's ark twosome. It is all too true—marriage may end, but divorce never.

Somebody should write a book on divorce etiquette. There's real need for sound advice on how to treat the divorced and help them readjust to the community. All too often when we meet a newly divorced person we stumble, sometimes doing nothing because of embarrassment or sheer ignorance until it's too late to do anything.

A few days after I had returned from Reno, I ran into one of my former neighbors in the village hardware store. We had known each other 10 years, a sort of across-the-rose-garden relationship, friendly enough so that his self-conscious wave of the hand—"Hi, Janey"—was no greeting at all. I'm sure he felt such an inadequacy about how to behave that he was unable to say more. I felt rejected and drew away. Now it is impossible to bridge the gap. I know it must be uncomfortable for him, too, for I see his children often and talk with them freely.

One friend waited months to write and then said on a Christmas card, "The news set me back on my heels and I started to write you, but couldn't seem to express myself." This time her "Merry Christmas" wish seemed strangely hollow to me.

At the other extreme was a Ladies' Day golf partner who barged up to me at a country-club luncheon in front of others and blurted, "Oh, darling, congratulations! I'm so glad you got a divorce! He never was my type either, you know."

For the most part, I found it was up to me to make the first move, to mention our separation as casually as I could to put the other person at ease. To those who hadn't heard, I learned to say quietly, "John and I are divorced, you know." It was difficult. I didn't want to be flippant. On the other hand, I didn't want to put on a long face and seem to be soliciting pity.

Actually, there are easy ways of saying and doing the right thing. One thoughtful couple called me the day after I returned and invited me to dinner. "We were terribly sorry to hear about you and John," Nancy said. "Won't you come over and take potluck with us and the children and let us bring you up to date on the town's new school controversy?"

Another friend dropped me a simple little note, saying she was sorry

to learn about the divorce and offering to be of any help she could in getting me settled in my new home. Still another stopped by and brought some fresh flowers. "Just to welcome you back," she said. These were the thoughtful touches that made the first weeks endurable.

Among those who were the most natural were the tradespeople—the cleaner, the grocery clerk, the milkman. They didn't hesitate to say outright, "It's too bad about you and Mr. Doe. Tough on the kids, too." There was the delivery boy who said he would come back after work and take down my storm windows and the waiter who doubled the meat in my order. Such little things, but gestures of kindness and sympathy.

When in doubt, show friendliness. If one feels awkward about the first tactful word, just remember that kindness is the basis of all tact. If you've lost your tongue, a smile or a handclasp is enough of an overture to re-establish the relationship. A sincere, "I'm sorry," is ample.

Certainly it is not tactful to keep calling attention to the former marriage. This is perhaps the most frequent breach of divorce etiquette.

I can't really blame the caddy who mentions that he caddied that morning for "your ex." But I can blame the town-board member who tells me at a party that John has made a fine speech at a political meeting. Or the girl who tells me she saw him eating alone at a bean wagon.

Of little comfort, too, is the woman who says cozily over tea, "Now that time has passed, I can really tell you what I think of John. I don't see how you ever stood it. After you went away, he behaved pretty awful."

So? It's not news to you, but no matter how much you may have hated your husband, you find yourself saying defensively, "Yes, that's the normal reaction of a man whose wife has left him. He tries to prove himself. . . ."

Why should you be defending him? Maybe his knee pinching was one of the characteristics included in that list of causes for "incompatibility of temperament," but you'd like to forget the whole miserable period.

Never carry on after-divorce criticisms with a divorced person about

Whom God Hath Joined . . .

HOW DOES it feel to know your own marriage is failing? And how does one react when a union of "those whom God hath joined together" finally crumbles at his feet?

Ask the members of Divorcees Anonymous. They know. Some went through a period of violent emotional upset. Others reacted by withdrawing from all aspects of life which once included their spouse. Nearly all found themselves haunted by a single blunt question: *"Could* our marriage have been saved?"

Today, men and women of all ages and occupations across the country are helping each other through the emotional nightmares that stem from the ugly realism of divorce. Sharing their problems with other members of Divorcees Anonymous, they gain the courage to confront squarely a lesson each must learn: recognizing the facts of their situation and accepting them.

Divorcees Anonymous began 11 years ago and now has chapters in most major U.S. cities. It's a nonprofit organization devoted to helping persons with marital problems —including those not yet separated or divorced. Members pay $3 yearly dues. To join, they must believe that marriage is a holy and desirable state and that divorce is not a solution for marital trouble.

The typical DA group holds several types of meetings each month. The Chicago chapter, for example, holds its main meeting—open to the public—in the Chicago Temple, Methodism's skyscraper church. It is the only nonchurch group permitted to meet there. The DA monthly schedule also lists business meetings and social gatherings. But the most interesting meetings—and many members say the most helpful—are group-therapy sessions.

Ten to 12 people meet in a small room and seat themselves comfortably around a table. The secretary passes an attendance sheet; those present sign only their first names.

A matron from Atlanta, Ga., well past middle age, sits quietly, nervously smiling at anyone who catches her eye. Next to her, a slight, young girl doodles on a sheet of paper. Across the table, a man with a lined, intelligent face regards them kindly. The meeting begins with small talk.

Then the chairman asks, "Well, who has a problem for us this evening?"

The young girl with dark hair hesitates, then begins slowly. "I guess my problem is smaller than most of yours," she says. "I'm already divorced, although I wanted more than anything for my marriage to work. My husband was of the Indian culture, and it was impossible for him to adjust to city living. . . ."

The girl goes on, now and then groping for the right words, listening when other members ask questions or offer advice. Then a man, in his 30s, speaks up:

"My wife and I have been separated for some months now, and I've tried to make her see I don't want a divorce. But she's convinced I don't love her. I just don't know what to do now . . ."

So it goes. People talking out problems which hurt to the quick with every word, but coming away relieved and often better able to cope with their own situations.

As the meeting ends, the group repeats together Reinhold Niebuhr's prayer (also used by Alcoholics Anonymous) which to them is so meaningful:

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

—FRANCES HATHAWAY

DA holds that divorce is no answer to marital problems. Counseling, such as this couple receives from a Methodist minister, often is.

the former spouse. The accusation won't make the divorced party any happier. Time has a way of making one forget the worst. Whether it's death or divorce, separation makes the good a person did overshadow the bad. It may be nature's healing way, closing wounds. Love is stronger than hate. Forgiveness is stronger than revenge. The bitterness will fade from the ugliest of divorce situations, though the ache remains.

Furthermore, divorce can seldom be painted in black and white. There is good in the worst of husbands and bad in the best of wives. Friends don't need to take sides to show their allegiance.

ANOTHER reason why friends should not talk too much about the former husband or wife is that sooner or later they are all going to meet. It is much easier then to face the "afflicted" with clear conscience, knowing that by having kept silent you have preserved your dignity and that of the divorced couple.

As for the question of whether both parties should be invited to the same party, that is a moot point. I felt miserably self-conscious the first time mutual friends included us both in a large party. I know some guests felt uncomfortable, too. Theoretically, however, there is no reason, just because we couldn't get along with each other, why either of us should be penalized from attending a pleasant social function.

Much depends, of course, on the bitterness of the divorce. For a while I convinced myself that I didn't mind going to the same parties. As time went on, however, I began to refuse such invitations and gradually they stopped. Now I prefer it that way. I think, too, that a hostess planning to invite both should tell them first so they may have the choice of refusal.

What about social life then: are the former marriage partners forced to retire into their loneliness? Or is there a gracious way friends can bring them back into a normal life?

In an example of the wrong way, one of my widowed friends came to me and said, "Now that you are alone, would you like to join our widows' bridge club?" It was a kind thought. But it was the last thing I wanted to do. I did not want to be put on a shelf or isolated in a world of women. I wanted to be with families, with children. I wanted to lead a normal social life. Adjustment is difficult enough at best, but as Dr. Reuben Hill, one excellent marriage counselor, says, "It can be doubly hard and painful if the divorced person is set in a class apart when he most needs to be accepted."

This brings up the question of whether friends should invite an unattached person when they ask a divorced man or woman to their homes. Hosts don't want to be in the position of matchmaking, but I feel such meetings are helpful.

Actually, the problem of the extra woman, which has always been with us, is worse after divorce. However, I doubt that wives need to fear "the gay divorcée" in their midst. She will be so grateful for the privilege of moving once more in the circle of her friends that she will bend over backward to keep hands off the husband. And I still remember the evening a little girl at a house where I was dining sidled up to me and asked, "Don't you have a father?" (In the eyes of most five-year-olds, all men are fathers.) She was distressed that I was alone.

Our world is built for couples. If, as friends of a divorced person, you can set the wheels in motion, do so. The pair you introduce may not marry each other, but through the new acquaintance they will go elsewhere, expanding their interests and perhaps finding the right mate. In this connection, too, let's bear in mind that the last General Conference of The Methodist Church dropped the former requirement that unless he was the innocent party, no divorced person could be remarried by a Methodist minister. Now it is the person's improved attitude and intentions, bolstered by extensive premarital counseling, that count.

I believe the community has a responsibility to the divorced couple. But I believe the church has an even stronger responsibility. Members should make a conscious effort to bring a divorced person into group activities. If the church is having a fund-raising affair and members are having dinner parties first, there is no reason why the divorced person cannot be included.

I am bitter about the way my church associates behaved when I got my divorce. I go to church regularly and contribute to its support, its building funds, its missions. But not once after my divorce did anyone from the church come to call on me except to ask for a donation. Even the minister failed to offer any word or note of sympathy.

ONE OLDER MAN with kind intentions met me on the street immediately after my divorce and said, "It's a shame we won't see you in your familiar pew any more." I assured him I had only been away for a few weeks and would be back for services soon. Did the members of my church expect me to give up my religion just because I had to get a divorce?

I did go, teeth gritted, the following Sunday, and the next, and the next. I hadn't realized there was still prejudice against divorced persons, but I felt so uncomfortable there that I finally turned to a larger church in another city.

It is good to know, however, that some churches are beginning to feel a sense of responsibility toward their divorced. John Sutherland Bonnell, pastor of New York City's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, says, "If we are truly concerned about those in need of personal help, then we dare not turn our backs upon people who are suffering from disillusionment, feelings of intense bitterness and of frustration, and are enduring pangs of loneliness and heartbreak." He believes that individual church members can help the divorced person regain acceptance in social life, as well as in the service of the church. Then, too, more ministers are becoming trained in counseling help.

I have gone through my darkest days. Sometimes I think all feeling about my divorce is gone. But just today, when lunching with a casual friend, the whole tragedy came into focus again. She had cut John's picture from an out-of-town newspaper: "I thought you would be interested to see how old he looks." As if that fact would comfort me! People still have much to learn about divorce—and I think it's up to churches to take the lead in teaching them.

In the Jordan, near the traditional site of Jesus' Baptism, I re-baptized Mrs. Allen.

We went around the world to get these . . .

Slides We Like to Share

By IRA B. ALLEN

IF YOU WERE planning a trip around the world, what stops would you include in your itinerary? My wife, Ruth, and I can testify that the decisions are difficult—especially when funds are limited. Twice we've made globe-circling jaunts, but still there are places we want to see, people we want to meet, and things we want to do. And now we'd like to revisit the places we've already been!

Until our savings account can finance a third trip, however, we're content to revisit Europe, Africa, and Asia through the hundreds of color slides we made during our jaunts in 1956 and 1959-60. And because our Methodist friends in Minnesota, where I'm superintendent of the Northwest District, often ask to see our pictures, we thought TOGETHER's readers would enjoy seeing some of our favorites, too. I'll explain them as we go along.

Ancient and modern meet at a village well near Jericho where women still carry burdens on their heads. But we noticed some had traded the usual water jugs for metal cans.

History Comes Alive in the Near East . . .

WESTERN travelers don't go to the Near East because of its scenery or its climate. Much of the region is barren and inhospitable. Sometimes the people are hostile, too, if you brandish a camera in the wrong place.

Still, this area should be a "must" on every Christian traveler's agenda. The cradle of three world religions, its shrines are sacred to Christians, Moslems, and Jews.

On both of our round-the-world trips, Mrs. Allen and I have stopped here. Besides our 1959 Christmas pilgrimage to Bethlehem [see *Jerusalem to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve,* December, 1960, page 2], we have visited Lebanon, Syria, Egypt, Turkey, Iran, and, of course, many parts of the Holy Land. Few experiences are more inspiring than following the same paths the Master trod centuries ago.

Though most were Moslems, these Arab refugee children received Christmas treats at a YMCA party.

Camera shy? Not these girls, playing in a side street of Istanbul! When I asked them to pose, they jostled each other good naturedly for center spot in the picture.

Scholars still dispute the exact location of the Garden of Gethsemane, but they agree the beautiful Church of All Nations is near the spot where Jesus prayed the night before his Crucifixion: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

We Found Christian Fellowship in India . . .

INDIA—a nation so young, yet so old—faces staggering problems. But the wonderful Indian people look at the future with hope and enthusiasm that wins your respect—and a kind of patriotism by proxy.

We were especially proud of our Methodist work, led by Indian Christians as well as by missionaries. While staying with missionary Robert Marble and his family, we enjoyed one of our most heart-warming experiences: visiting in a humble Christian home where we ate a dinner of real Indian curry. We took along our own cups, plates, and silverware, since our hosts owned no extras, and sat cross-legged on the floor in typical Indian fashion. During the evening our clothes absorbed the aroma of the cow-dung floor. But nowhere have I more richly enjoyed sharing a meal with fellow Christians!

Again with the Marbles, we jeeped to a wildlife refuge for an elephant ride. Swaying through tiger country on the huge beast, we saw gazelles, wild boars, deer, antelope, peacocks, and head-high anthills. Once, our elephant tried to trumpet back to others in an enclosure, and was prevented from doing so only by his keeper's vigorous ear-thumping. We were told that if our mount were allowed to communicate with other elephants, he might have bolted out of control. The rumblings of the frustrated trumpeter beneath us felt like being atop an overheated boiler about to blow off steam!

Like Fourth of July in our country, India's Republic Day (January 26) calls for noisy celebration. In one isolated jungle village we came upon this festive sight: A crude, hand-powered Ferris wheel.

It looked easy when the Indian farmer did it, but I could hardly keep that wooden plow in the ground.

With a telephoto lens, I photographed this Hindu pilgrim bathing away his sins in the Ganges. At least a million trek to this holy river every year.

From a boat we watched Hindu dead being cremated at Banaras' burning ghats.

My wife, Ruth, can't resist cute babies—but she had to pay this Hong Kong tyke's sister for the privilege of posing with him.

To Enjoy Asia, Be Ready for the Unexpected . . .

IN THE kaleidoscope that is Asia, we saw great beauty and wretched ugliness side by side. Our experiences ranged from amusing to frightful.

Ruth was gratified when a courtly, English-speaking Chinese insisted that she take his place in line at a Hong Kong shoe-repair shop. He had a reason. Twenty years ago he had lived in Detroit, Mich., and now he eagerly asked for news of his "old home town."

In Karachi, Pakistan, I was assailed by a snake charmer wanting to display his cobra bewitchery. Ignoring my repeated refusals, he appeared at every corner, ready with his cobra-laden basket and pipe.

More frightening, on reflection, was our accidental stroll 500 yards into the buffer zone between Kowloon (mainland Hong Kong) and Communist China. British border guards stopped us in the nick of time!

It took a five-foot ladder to mount this monster—even after his keeper made him kneel. I had quite a view from up there!

Exotic Thailand (the Siam of my youth) has been a stopping place on both of our trips. These golden Buddhas in a Bangkok temple illustrate why I took my camera.

We rented a sampan to visit the boat people of Hong Kong. This seagoing baby sitter and her charges are among 150,000 persons who live on boats in the harbor.

In Macao, we saw a Portuguese flag fluttering only a few yards from Communist China's red banner.

Here's Our Secret to Easy Travel Overseas . . .

HAVE WE sparked your enthusiasm to follow our route around the world? Then note this: My wife and I made our entire three-month trip in 1959-60 with only one suitcase! Flying economy class, we each were allowed 44 pounds of baggage. Ours weighed in at 43½ pounds—and served both of us. To travel that lightly, we had to select our clothing sparingly and pack systematically. But it paid off.

For one thing, it saved time. Stopovers between plane flights allow little enough time for customs inspection. When we went through the lines with our lonely bag, the inspectors first looked astonished, then quickly waved us on after a mere peep inside the suitcase. Apparently they decided we couldn't smuggle much contraband in so small a space. We also saved money on tips, and I'm sure we made a better impression than other Americans we saw who were trailed by baggage-laden porters.

The one-suitcase idea for our second trip stemmed from a twist of luck in 1956. Three of our bags, shipped separately, failed to meet us as expected in Italy, and we had to go on without them. We soon realized we hadn't needed them in the first place. By American standards our wardrobes seemed skimpy, but many people in the lands we visited didn't have even one full set of clothing or a pair of shoes.

For our 1959-60 expedition we packed few clothes (mostly drip-dry, in harmonizing colors), medicines and first-aid articles, vitamins, an alarm clock, a flashlight, a sewing kit, toiletries, shoe polish, and an invention of Ruth's—plastic baby bottles to carry our private water supply when local sources were unsafe. The bottles couldn't keep water cool, but it stayed deliciously wet!

Ready to leave? We wish you a sincere *bon voyage!* And keep your camera handy—so you'll come home with slides *you'd* like to share!

Teens Together

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"I have been told that to make a boy like you, you have to learn to talk about the subject he is most interested in . . . Do you have any books on eating?"

Q *My father gets drunk every day as he has for years. He tries to stop, but can't. He won't go to Alcoholics Anonymous or anywhere else for help. Should we have him sent to a mental hospital?—R.L.*

A Some states have good programs in their mental hospitals for people who drink too much. Ask your mother to talk with your minister about this. He'll know what is available and will give her sound advice.

Q *Mom says I'm "too old for toys, but too young for boys." She told me not to fall for any boy until I'm 16. I'm 15 now. I tried to obey her. However, I have a crush on a boy. Am I bad?—B.C.*

A No. Many parents have trouble realizing their children grow up. Your mother loves you and wants only to protect you. Don't do anything to outrage her. However, it is normal for girls of 15 to have crushes. Ask her to talk with your school counselor.

Q *My girl friend and I loved two boys. We're 13. The boys are 14. A week ago the boys decided not to see us any more. We are brokenhearted. Will we live through this?—J.G.*

A Yes, you will. Nearly all teen-agers go through similar disappointments. They're a part of growing up. Keep busy with your schoolwork. Just ignore them. Have fun doing worthwhile things with your friends. You'll feel better soon.

Q *I'm a teen-ager at last! My 13th birthday came yesterday. I think my parents should let me choose my own TV programs now. Don't you? —D.C.*

A One birthday more or less doesn't make a great deal of difference. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I think your parents probably should exercise some supervision over your TV watching.

Q *I'm a college girl. My trouble is my dates try to paw me. I hate it so much I've stopped dating. Mother says not to lower my standards. Father says to be patient, and the right boy will come along. How can I know he's the right boy if I don't have dates? —H.H.*

A You needn't pair off until you're sure of a boy. Our church has a large, active organization on your campus. Join it. Attend the group affairs. You'll meet many good boys.

Q *I'm almost 17. I have a driver's license, but do not own a car. My father has decided not to let me use his car. He is sore because I have drag races, and peel rubber on corners. He says I can't drive until I learn how to be careful. How can I learn if I can't drive?—J.S.*

A Learn by observing careful drivers. Dragging and peeling are dangerous. Did you know that boys of your age are the most dangerous drivers of all? Listen to your father, and learn from him.

Q *I'm a boy 15. My parents are divorced. I live with my father, but spend weekends with my mother. Each tells me bad things about the other. I don't know what to believe, because I love them both. What can I do?—R.P.*

A Try writing a letter to each, explaining how you feel and why. Ask them not to belittle each other. Wait a few days, then talk with each one. Once they understand, they'll be careful.

Q *I'm 19 and engaged to a girl 18. Last night she told me of something which happened years ago. She was the victim of a man who still lives here. Should I marry her in spite of this? Should I punish the man?—S.B.*

A Don't hold her responsible for something she couldn't prevent. What she told you should not change your love. Don't do anything to the man; it would cause scandal. Revenge is an unworthy motive.

Q *I'm a girl 15. Last night while home alone I invited my boy friend over. My parents had a fit. Dr. Barbour, didn't you say it was proper*

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

God in Outer Space

By ROY L. SMITH

WERNHER VON BRAUN, world-renowned developer of U.S. missiles, does not fear that future space explorers on their heaven-storming journeys will lose their humility.

"The heavens will surround them as an eternal reminder that there is a force greater than the thrust of their rocket ships, a spirit greater than the cold logic of their computers, a power greater than that of their own nation," the German-born rocket expert says. [For further expansion of Dr. von Braun's views see *Missiles and Civilization*, October, 1959, page 14.]

He who believes in God need have no concern lest the space travelers may force God out of his own universe. Indeed, they will accomplish something far more exciting. They will demonstrate that our God is a vastly larger God than most of us have ever thought.

If man is successful in landing on Mars it will be discovered that two plus two are still four there as they are here. Man will discover that a falsehood there will be dishonorable in exactly the same measure as it is here.

If man is able to tarry long enough on Mars to make any scientific investigation, he will discover that faraway planet did not come into existence by its own power, that something or someone must put power into atomic fuel there as well as here, and that there is the same need of faith on that distant planet as on our own.

We will do well to remember it is God's power which provides the rocket with its thrust, the cosmic radiation with its energy, and the galaxies with their rhythm and grace.

As we annex one planet after another we will find ourselves in need of spiritual understanding if we are to become their masters. It is relatively simple for a man to drive a single horse, but to direct a team of six magnificent animals down a modern city's street calls for a mastery that is nothing less than superb.

Planets, after all, may pose just as many problems as horses!

for girls of 15 to entertain boys at home alone?—L.K.

A I tried to say that standards differ. Some teen-agers are more responsible than others. The parents of some 15-year-old girls feel they can let their daughters have boys visit them at home alone. But the majority of parents don't feel that way. I myself am conservative. Listen to your mother.

Q *Last year I was a high-school senior. I went steady with a junior girl. Now I am in college, and she's a senior. Her mother won't let me date her. She says a college man is too old for her daughter. Does this make sense?—B.G.*

A Yes, in a way. High-school graduation is an important milestone. Before graduation you were considered a child; afterward, an adult. However, many high-school senior girls date college freshmen. Girls grow up a year or two ahead of boys. Probably she is as mature as you.

Q *My boy friend and I are deeply in love. I'm 18, he is older. We can't get married for at least three years. We come from good families. We have high moral standards, but we're tempted. Is waiting the only answer?—J.M.*

A Yes. Avoid situations which cause temptation. Keep busy doing interesting, constructive things with pleasant, Christian people. Millions of other Christian couples have waited three years. You can too.

Q *I have one more year in high school. The boy I like is a freshman in college, 500 miles away. He says we should break up. I've gone out with other boys, but I didn't enjoy it. Must we stop going steady just because he is away?—A.B.*

A Probably you'll want to break up before long. He'll be interested in college activities. Probably he'll start dating college girls. You'll want to go to high-school affairs. Wait and see.

Q *When is a man too old to be loved by a teen-ager? I'm 17; he is a bachelor of 27. We are*

both active in church work. Our friendship has ripened into love. My parents are upset. Is he too old for me?—L.V.

A When you are 40, a 10-year age difference means little. At 17 it means a lot. Your parents are right. The bachelor has been unwise. Your feelings for him will change. Girls your age normally fall in and out of love several times. Ask you minister to help you and to counsel with the man.

Q *I'm 16. My brother is 17. Girls all like him better than me. Each time I try to go steady he moves in. What can I do about it?—L.S.*

A Talk with your mother. Probably she can persuade your brother to find his own girls. When dating avoid the places your brother is apt to be. Keep looking, and you'll find a girl who prefers you.

Q *Every time my family sits down to eat a fight starts. There are five children. I'm the oldest, and I'm 15. How can we avoid quarrels?—B.O.*

A Most large families have trouble at mealtime. Your home isn't unusual. Ask your mother to call a family conference. Let each member have his say. Agree to steer clear of subjects which lead to arguments. Your parents will help you. Good luck!

Q *I am 14. Everybody tells me I am attractive, but I don't have dates. I invited three different boys to a "girls ask party." They all found excuses. Will boys ever like me?—S.R.*

A Yes, they will. Did you know that more than half the girls of 14 feel as you do? Girls grow up faster than boys. Most girls of your age want to go to parties with boys and have dates. But the majority of boys of 14 aren't interested. Later the boys will catch up. Then they'll like you.

•

TEENS! *Dr. Barbour will analyze and help dissolve your everyday problems if you'll send them to him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names are confidential.*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

How is the Church related to the world?

Some people see the Christian Church against the world; an implacable and eternal enemy of the world. Others think the Church must always be a "child of its age," inextricably bound up with the interests of its environment and continually making peace with its worldly contemporaries.

A more realistic view is that the Church is in the world, but not of it. That gives the Christian a dual citizenship. He lives in two worlds.

In a real sense, as Charles West has said in *Outside the Camp,* the Church is "a piece of the world through which God meets the world." And this squares with John 3:16-17, in which the Scriptures say clearly that God so loved (not hated) the world that he sent his Son to save (not judge) it.

Is there a judgment?

Certainly; and although everyday is really Judgment Day, we may look forward to a final judgment. That will be far more than a condemnation of sin and punishment of wrongdoers, with rewards for those who have done good. The biblical meaning of judgment is not a court-of-law affair, but a homelike matter centered in the restoration of right order between man and man, and man and God.

"I will sing of mercy and judgment," said the psalmist. God is no police magistrate, meting out justice according to his moral and spiritual laws; he is a Father and, through his Son, a Savior.

Each of us has to make moral choices which affect our relations to God. Because we reap what we sow, we are being judged this minute in a process that will become final when God's will is done in every aspect of all living everywhere.

How does the Christian look on self?

Hear Albert Outler in *Psychotherapy and the Christian Message:* "The Christian perspective on selfhood is radically theocentric: man from God, man before God, man against God, man redeemed by God, man in communion with God, in and through the God-man." (Of course, he is speaking of Christ, who has taught us about God.)

The author quoted points out that an authentic Christian doctrine of man must be rooted in faith in God as Creator and Redeemer. Man is seen as the image and beloved child of God, made for free fellowship with his Creator. Man's sin and error, his limitation, and finitude as man are evidences of his utter dependence on God.

Bishop T. Otto Nall of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church dips into his background as editor, author, world traveler, and minister to answer your questions about The Methodist Church and the Christian faith.

Light Unto My Patl

MARCH 5

"Now I am giving you a new command—love one another. Just as I have loved you, you must love one another."—John 13:34 (Phillips)

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, is a crossroads of the world, for in this jet age it is less than 12 hours away from all Europe, most of Asia, parts of Africa and of South America.

As a result, there is a challenge to create a national cultural exhibit in the Anchorage airport so that world travelers, waiting while their plane is serviced, may refresh their minds and hearts even as they steady their legs on terra firma and have a meal in the unique Cloud-Hoppers dining room.

It is well that the people of the earth come to appreciate each other, learning more of our art forms and folkways—for the jet age transports "brothers" as well as "bombs." A better appreciation for each other might make it possible for us to learn to love others.

The new command from Jesus is that *we* love others, thus showing our discipleship to him. Such an exhibit of our love and appreciation would result in new life within the lover and the beloved, even to the extent of bringing peace among men.

Within our personal relationships there is also need for this sense of appreciation or, better, sense of reappreciation. It might be expressed in this line: "Love scarce is love that knows not the sweetness of forgiveness."

Christ came not only to call forth our love, by his love, but also to rebuild our broken lives by his forgiveness—a re-creation love.

What a help in our marital life if a husband and wife could find a new aspect of their love for each other, a re-creating love based on a Christlike forgiveness. A sense of appreciation for each other as man and woman: not based on romantic moments now cooled down, not a harping on errors committed and regretted, not a dissatisfaction because of the loss of the ideal mate, but a reappreciation, a new look, a firmer love.

Ah, "the sweetness of forgiveness. . . ."

Prayer: Let us, this day and always, exhibit at home and abroad the Christ culture through our witness of His love and forgiveness, seeking light unto our path from One who is: *Absolutely tender, absolutely true;/Who understands all things, yes! even you.* Amen.

—HAROLD W. DIEHL

MARCH 12

Jesus answered him, "If a man loves me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our home with him." —John 14:23

WOODROW WILSON tells us that among his earliest memories was one of his mother reading aloud to the family, not light fiction but *The Iliad, The Faery Queen, Idylls of the King,* John Green's *A Short History of the English People,* and books of travel. The taste for the best was inculcated in him at an early age.

Among his earliest memories of his father was the image of the family kneeling in prayer while his father talked with God after reading the Scripture. Is it any wonder that the boy grew up to be a thinker and an idealist?

We become like that with which

Harold W. Diehl, *Anchorage, Alaska*

Frank E. Butterworth, *Honolulu, Hawaii*

H. Preston Childress, *Ogden, Utah*

D. Trigg James, Sr., *Atlanta, Ga.*

we keep fellowship. The increasing sale of classical recordings and the increasing popularity of symphony concerts among American youth can be traced to the many homes where hi-fi provides a background of good music. We develop a taste for that with which we become familiar.

Conversely, a youth may become like his companions if he associates exclusively with the barflies in his group.

Those who walk with God find themselves echoing his footfalls. One cannot live in the daily contemplation of love without becoming more loving. Men know that we have been with Christ when they see in us a concern for others or an awareness of God. We become "at home" with God, and he dwells in us.

Prayer: Our heavenly father, because we love you we long to be with you. Help us to spend sufficient time in your presence to become at ease with you and to become like you. Help us to feel at home with you, as did Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—FRANK E. BUTTERWORTH

MARCH 19

"I do not pray that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil one." —John 17:15

WHICH IS better—security or salvation?

One says draw back, stay away, don't contaminate yourself. That's an appalling mess the world has cooked up for itself. Don't get fouled up in it. Stay pure; stay clean and lovely; don't let the world touch you.

One might find security in keeping separate from the world. Never go to see a drama, don't listen to the radio or watch television. You might find temptation too great, and you might therefore succumb! It is true that the world is too much with us, but sooner or later one must face it.

Is it not better to be prepared to face the world and to live in it, using the best of it, than to try to shut it out? Should literature, art, and music be only for pagans? Are the benefits of science only for unbelievers? Strangely enough, it is the separatist group that has been most often mistaken about God's plans for his people. Christ's prayer for his disciples was that they might live in the world and bring salvation to it. They wanted no cozy retreat to laze around in; they wanted a world to battle and to win for their Lord.

The best way for anyone to keep evil from overcoming him is to be hard at work doing God's work. Once we start, there is no time to toy with temptation's lure. With Christ in the heart, we are concerned more about the salvation of our world than we are about security from it.

Prayer: We thank thee, Lord, for thy spirit within us that sends us forth to try to redeem a sinful world. Grant us strength for these days as we work with thee. Amen.

—H. PRESTON CHILDRESS

MARCH 26

"I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep."—John 10:11

ONCE IN A leadership-training class we were discussing how important it is for the leaders and members of the Church to show real concern for people. A member of the class told this story:

There had been a bad accident on a Saturday night. Some of the critically injured were related to a certain church. Members of the family thought of their pastor and called. His wife answered the telephone, and when the request was made for the minister to come to the hospital, she bruskly informed the caller: "My husband never goes out on Saturday night."

Then the lady telling the story asked, "What do you think of that?" Well, what do *you* think of that? No doubt the minister was concentrating on his sermon for Sunday morning. But one wonders if his refusal to minister to persons in need didn't scream so loud that his sermon couldn't be heard.

Another minister told me recently of a Saturday-night call from a doctor. A chaplain traveling through the country had become seriously ill and was in the hospital alone. The physician asked, "Do you preachers have a union to take care of such cases?" The minister replied, "Yes, we have a union."

He went immediately to the hospital and remained through the night. The next morning he asked his district superintendent to see that the chaplain was cared for as it was necessary for him to leave the city.

The "union" to which the minister referred is the "Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd." It is not a professional organization; it is the fellowship of the "concerned." I imagine his sermon that Sunday morning had a ring of reality and that his hearers could sense the presence of the Good Shepherd.

"The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep." Each of us as a follower of the Good Shepherd is called to minister to others. We, too, are to be good shepherds, not professional in our approach, but willing to make any sacrifice necessary to witness to those about us.

Prayer: Our heavenly father, we thank thee for thy self-giving love in Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd. We thank thee that his life was not taken, but freely given for the redemption of the world. Help us that we, too, may always be ready and willing to bear our testimony in real service to others. This is our prayer, in the name of the Good Shepherd. Amen.

—D. TRIGG JAMES, SR.

Looks at New Books

LOOKING back on the blood-streaked history of Nazism, the eternal question is "Why?" Why did this blackest period in man's history happen? Why, for example, did German Christians and other Germans of good will permit the execution of six million Jews?

Few men are as equipped to answer as **William L. Shirer**. An American journalist in Germany during the years immediately before World War II, he eyewitnessed the rise of Herr Schicklgruber's monstrous regime. He was a press correspondent at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials. Since, he has had access to the complete file of captured Nazi records, which were painstakingly complete.

One might expect an exceptional book from Shirer, and ***The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany*** (Simon and Schuster, $10) is all of that. In fact, it's history at its best—personally, even passionately written, yet with a meticulous regard for accuracy. Don't be daunted by the size of the volume; despite its bulk it's immensely readable from first to last.

It's also soul-sickening. You may ask yourself why we should torture ourselves with the crimes of the past. Unfortunately, human brutality is not yet history, and those who bury their heads in the sand may unknowingly contribute to it. We need, God help us, to remember continually, not only with our minds but with our hearts.

The first Gutenberg Bible facsimile to be published in this country, and the second since Johann Gutenberg produced the first printed Bible in the mid-15th century, has been created by Pageant Books, and I hope to see one of its 1,000 numbered copies at a nearby library someday.

Issued in two volumes, the Pageant ***Gutenberg Bible*** weighs 40 pounds. It's illuminated in all the original colors, including gold, and is handbound in leather. Two different printing processes were employed, with the illuminated pages fed through the press seven times for richness and fidelity.

Since the Gutenberg Bible is not only the first but also one of the rarest and most valuable of Bibles, this American-produced facsimile edition will be an important addition to libraries, museums, universities, and private collections. The price: $600 for the regular edition, $750 for custom-bound sets.

Anybody who's called for service on a refrigerator, washing machine, or other modern-age contraption only to hear that sad song, "they don't make parts for this any more," is a potential convert to **Vance Packard**'s third best seller, ***The Waste Makers*** (McKay, $4.50).

The capacity of America's productive system to produce more goods than we need, says Packard, results in an increasingly frantic effort by industry to persuade the buyer to waste more and more.

His *The Hidden Persuaders* [reviewed June, 1957, page 59] attacked motivational research. *The Status Seekers* [reviewed August, 1959, page 52] set forth his theory of American class-consciousness. I find it distressing that solidly based original research is lacking in all three of Packard's books. His cases rest primarily on facts gleaned from trade journals, business magazines, and newspapers. Having read some of the same publications myself, I know they've carried a great deal to round out other sides of the questions—but Packard uses little or none of this material.

And if you want to get me really hot under the collar, just try to tell me he can be excused from delving deeper because he's a writer, not a sociologist. A writer has exactly the same responsibility for truth under which the scientist labors, and his ability to do mischief extends as far as his popularity.

Jean Kerr's eldest son, Christopher, returned from school one day to announce in dispirited tones that he had been cast as Adam in a school play about Adam and Eve.

"That's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You have the lead." "Yeah," he answered, "but the snake has all the lines."

From that stems Mrs. Kerr's newest collection of humorous commentary on suburbia, marriage, children, the theater, and the state of the nation. ***The Snake Has All the Lines*** (Doubleday, $3.50) will never "live" in history as great literature, but it's sophisticated, funny, and will give you some hilarious moments. It's good for more than one reading.

How Methodist-related Boston University missed an opportunity to number a to-be-celebrated author among its alumni is told in a whimsical incident I gleaned from ***Hamlin Garland***, a biography by **Jean Holloway** (University of Texas Press, $6).

It seems that in the 1880s Garland, as a young homesteader near Aberdeen, S.Dak., had attracted the attention of the Rev. (later Bishop) James W. Bashford, who persuaded him to go east for an education. But the Bashford letters of introduction failed to impress the B.U. professors, and they "had no encouragement for the impecunious stranger."

Unabashed, young Garland went ahead with other plans. With some 40 books to his credit, he now has a secure

Kai Ming, Boy of Hong Kong (*Follett, $2*) *is French writer-photographer* Dominique Darbois' *lively record of the daily life of a Chinese fisherman's son. For children 8 to 10, it shows none of the pain and squalor that actually exist on Hong Kong's teeming water front.*

place in American literature as a pioneer in the local-color school.

The word *creed* refers not to credulity but to credit, **Paul T. Fuhrmann** reminds us in ***An Introduction to the Great Creeds of the Church*** (Westminster, $3). Thus, reciting a creed is an act of worship, a giving of credit to God for what he has done, and a declaration of trust in him.

Scholarly in compass but simply phrased, his book has value for the layman who wants to know more about the Protestant faith. Dr. Fuhrmann now is professor of church history at Columbia Theological Seminary of Decatur, Ga.

Sure to capture the hearts of children and adults alike are ***Sugar and Spice: The ABC of Being a Girl*** and ***A Boy Is a Boy: The Fun of Being a Boy***. Both are published by Watts ($2.95).

Taking ladies before gentlemen, the first book is a delectable combination of **Phyllis McGinley**'s verse and **Colleen Browning**'s illustrations. Letter by alphabet letter, they show how really jolly it must be to be a little girl.

The boys seem to be just as happy. In the second book, **Ogden Nash** supplies versified descriptions of a boy that would set the most insensitive toes to scuffing. The accompanying drawings, by Arthur Shilstone, are as mischievous and expressive as tennis-shoe tracks on a kitchen floor.

It's easy once you get the hang of it—but for a long time I was given to mumbling "Iliff" whenever I spoke of the Methodist-related preacher-training school in Denver. Since General Conference there, I've spoken *Eye-liff* with assurance—but have wondered about the man in whose memory the Iliff School of Theology was founded.

Now I know. He was John Wesley Iliff, the Wyoming and Colorado "cattle king." And, I learn further, he "became the richest and most influential cattleman of this section of the West." My authority is **Edward Everett Dale**'s ***The Range Cattle Industry*** (University of Oklahoma Press, $4), a 200-page book that condenses a welter of fact in a readable account.

If you were interested in the books I listed on the Civil War last month, you may want to have a look at these others I've sampled from among the centennial crop:

In ***She Rode With the Generals*** (Nelson, $5), **Sylvia Dannett** has documented the incredible story of Sarah Emma Edmonds, who masqueraded as a man and served as a Union nurse, spy, and general's aide until, sick with malaria and on the

GOD... MAN... and Theology

We're all theologians when we ponder questions about God and man. These books share the thoughts of men who have devoted their lives to seeking the answers.

Present Trends in Christian Thought, by ***L. Harold DeWolf*** (*Association Press, 50¢, paper*)—Introduces ideas every layman should know and weigh in forming his own theology.

A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology, by ***William Hordern*** (*Macmillan, $3.50*)—A careful examination of 20th-century theological thought in terms of its various movements.

Dimensions of Faith, edited by ***William Kimmel*** and ***Geoffrey Clive*** (*Twayne, $6.95*)—Readings in contemporary theology representing 11 of the major thinkers of this century.

New Accents in Contemporary Theology, by ***Roger Hazelton*** (*Harper, $3*)—A theologian invites the reader to join his discussions with artists, scientists, other nontheologians.

An Interpretation of Christian Ethics, by ***Reinhold Niebuhr*** (*Meridian, $1.25, paper*)—Explores the conflict of the Christian ideal with the pride and injustice of society.

The Word of God and the Word of Man, by ***Karl Barth*** (*Harper, $1.65, paper*)—The father of "neo-orthodoxy" and one of the most influential theologians speaks on a wide range of topics.

The Protestant Era, by ***Paul Tillich*** (*University of Chicago Press, $1.50, paper*)—Calls for a new philosophy of history and culture to face the disaster of secularism.

John Wesley's Theology Today, by ***Colin W. Williams*** (*Abingdon, $4.50*)—Examines the Wesleyan tradition in the light of current theological dialogue; for layman and scholar.

Also . . . **The Layman's Theological Library**, an excellent series of $1 books published by *Westminster Press*.

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verge of being unmasked, she deserted. Years later Congress wiped out the desertion charge.

Horsemen Blue and Gray (Oxford University Press, $10) recalls a gibe infantrymen yelled at their mounted brothers-in-arms when the latter returned from advance patrols: "Must gonna be a fight—the cavalry's comin' back." The falsity of the remark is evident when one reads of exploits of men under Kilpatrick (called Kill-cavalry because of his ruthless charges), Stuart, Forrest, and Custer. **Hirst D. Milhollen** selected the photographs and sketches; **James R. Johnson** and **Alfred H. Bill** produced the text.

The boys in Blue and Gray were unabashed sentimentalists; their songs reflect it. In ***Songs of the Civil War*** (Columbia University Press, $7.50) editor **Irwin Silber** has collected 125 of their favorite tunes—the ones that rose with the smoke of campfires or floated through the dust stirred by tramping men. For the folk singer, there are guitar as well as piano arrangements.

Parents helped "rear" ***Parents Deserve To Know*** (Macmillan, $3.95). With the co-operation of the National Council of Churches, state and local directors of Christian education, and family-camp and denominational leaders, author **G. Curtis Jones** made up a representative list of American parents.

Then he corresponded with them, and with ministers and specialists in family relationships, to identify common family problems and find possible solutions.

The experience Dr. Jones himself contributed was not inconsiderable. Pastor of the Union Avenue Christian Church in St. Louis, Mo., he has spent 25 years counseling with parents—and bringing up five sons of his own. The insights in his book are up-to-date, informative, and Christian.

Turning through ***The Church and the Fine Arts*** (Harper, $6.95), I was pleasantly surprised to come upon an article on Eastern Orthodoxy by our fellow TOGETHER columnist, Methodist Bishop T. Otto Nall.

It's one of a rich collection of stories, articles, poems, pictures, and hymns in this hefty 902-page anthology collected by **Cynthia Pearl Maus**. In such a large amount of material the quality, naturally, varies widely, but on the whole the book's an excellent addition to home or church libraries, either to read for pleasure or as source material to back up study programs.

Much of today's theological ferment can be traced to Sören Kierkegaard, a 19th-century Danish theologian. It was his concern to make Christianity real to the complacent people of his generation. Through the writers, teachers, and preachers of today, Kierkegaard continues on this same course.

His style is such, however, that the theological neophyte is likely to find his writing heavy going. A new and excellent introduction to him is ***The Life and Thought of Kierkegaard for Everyman,*** by **John Gates** (Westminster, $3.75).

For a new adventure in thought, begin here and move into some of his original writings. You can't really understand Christian existentialism until you understand Kierkegaard.

If you know a young man or woman contemplating a career in politics, you couldn't do a more helpful turn than to present him or her with ***Politicians and What They Do***, by **David Botter** (Watts, $3.95).

Each chapter is a word picture of a real person in politics, from home town to Washington levels. The author, an active Methodist layman, is on the faculty of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, and writes with the brisk, informative touch characteristic of *Look,* of which he was formerly assistant managing editor.

Mrs. Barnabas is always telling me I'm a procrastinator, and I'm afraid she's right. Back last April I asked teen-age readers to write and tell me what they really read, both for school assignments and just because they want to—and I promised a report in these columns. Now, finally, here it is:

Most of the letters were long, and the majority of them mentioned books that ordinarily are considered adult reading. There weren't enough of them to make any kind of "survey," but high lights are interesting.

One young man listed 42 books and 11 Greek plays he'd read within the year.

A 15-year-old wrote that he's a serious student of religion, philosophy, and psychology, reads some science fiction, and likes Faulkner, Steinbeck, and Kerouac.

A girl, 13, reads "six or seven books a week," three of which come from "our very small city library." For the others she draws on a tiny high-school library, her year-younger sister's books, and some her parents have.

Her list of titles was extensive, but more important was the number of times she'd read each book. It averaged four, but went as high as seven. The writer added this: "P.S.: We don't have a television set."

A college sophomore urged us to emphasize that not all paperback books are "cheap." She pointed to the fact that some of our finest literature and scholarship now is between paper covers. And she noted in closing: "Not all teen-agers read 'trash' you see—I

Abide with us

. . . Waiting to be wanted is probably the most terrifying human experience—may *you* never know it. Millions of people overseas know it all too well. They are the homeless, the aged, the orphaned, the hungry. Only their incredible human spirit—plus the help of others—keeps them going.

Some are still in temporary camps in Europe—years after the war. Great numbers in many lands throughout the world have been made homeless by earthquakes, floods or political upheaval. All lack clothing, jobs, food and adequate shelter.

Perhaps they seem too far away to help. But you need only go as far as your own House of Worship. There, on the fourth Sunday in Lent—MARCH 12—your gift will be gratefully received when Methodists observe

ONE GREAT HOUR OF SHARING

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imagine you'll get a lot of other letters that will show it."

Sure enough, we did.

Son Tommy, not yet a teen-ager, has claimed for himself ***Naval Battles and Heroes*** (American Heritage, $3.50) and put it on his bookshelf next to his well-thumbed *Story of Yankee Whaling*, an earlier issue in the publisher's Junior Library (reviewed May, 1960, page 52).

He spent the first hour exclaiming over the many illustrations, more than 100 of them in color. From his frequent "Man, look at that!" I knew he was not only learning naval history, but acquiring a greater understanding of the achievements and traditions that make his country great.

And when he got down to the narration by **Wilbur Cross** (in consultation with Rear Admiral **John B. Heffernan**, USN), 12-year-old Tommy found it easy to follow, thrilling to read.

A young friend who's been teaching herself to paint with water colors tells me her biggest help has been ***Water-Color Painting Is Fun*** (Viking, $3.75).

I can understand why. Artist **Alois Fabry** instructs and inspires with the same spontaneity and skill that characterizes his own water-color work. His book, by the way, is just as meaningful for the beginner as for the experienced amateur. And, with Floyd Johnson's superb water colors of the Natchez Trace [February, page 37] still fresh in mind, I'm tempted to try some dabbing myself!

Nearly 900 years ago, a group of craftsmen produced a masterpiece. On a strip of linen 230 feet long but only 20 inches wide, they embroidered a pictorial narrative of the then-recent conquest of England. Nine sections of this famous Bayeux Tapestry are reproduced in ***The Past We Share*** (Prometheus, $12.50).

This illustrated history of the British and American peoples is more interesting than most. Editors **Peter Quennell** and **Alan Hodge** have selected illustrations that in all but rare instances are products of the times. The accompanying text traces the evolution of the English-speaking peoples over nine centuries with an admirable panoramic sweep.

After a few back-yard debates on flying saucers last summer, I've read a couple of books on the subject with more than usual interest.

The first, by **Donald E. Keyhoe**, is ***Flying Saucers: Top Secret*** (Putnam, $3.95). It reports sightings by jet pilots, pilots of commercial airliners, and Civil Aeronautics Administration control-tower operators so believably that it would seem impossible to doubt the validity of the evidence. Keyhoe, a retired Marine Corps major and head of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, a private organization, charges that the Air Force knows the strange shimmering objects in the sky are aircraft from other planets, but that it's withholding the information to prevent public panic.

Very exciting. But before I had time to do much sky-searching for space ships, I ran onto the second book, which presents the official Air Force story. You won't find any sensationalism in ***Flying Saucers and the U.S. Air Force*** (Van Nostrand, $3.50), by Lt. Col. **Lawrence J. Tacker**. While this picture of official investigation and findings doesn't deny the possibility that life could exist on some other planets, it states firmly that to date there is no evidence to substantiate the charges made by Keyhoe and others in private groups formed to study unidentified flying objects.

Guess I'll put my sky glasses aside—but keep 'em handy.

To appreciate fully the small volume, ***John Wesley: Spiritual Witness*** (Denison, $3), the reader needs to have waded hip deep in Wesleyana. Author **Paul Lambourne Higgins**, one of the founders of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, emphasizes the mystical, supernatural, and psychical phenomena in the life of John Wesley.

He includes information on the whole Wesley family seldom found in other small volumes. He also tries to give a more vivid picture of the man John Wesley and the sympathy he had for the world in which he lived. Light touches describe the five-foot-four preacher struggling with a woman in Georgia who met him with a gun, and his rescue in Sunderland, England, by

"A guest in the back says he can't take it with him—it's burnable!"

a robust fishwife. The greater movement of the book, however, is a tribute to the great spirit and beliefs of the man who originated Methodism.

Through the ages an occasional person has had experiences which have been termed "mystical." The bearing these experiences have on the problems of philosophy is investigated by Princeton philosophy professor **W. T. Stace** in ***Mysticism and Philosophy*** (Lippincott, $6). His book is a lucid discussion of a subject usually clouded by superstition.

If this spurs your curiosity, you might also want to dip into ***Watcher on the Hills*** (Harper, $3.50), in which Australian physicist **Raynor C. Johnson** examines 36 case histories of mystical experiences of people we might otherwise regard as "ordinary."

When Columbia University law professor **Walter Gellhorn** was invited to give a series of lectures on U.S. constitutional law at Tokyo University, he had to rethink and revise his notes so his non-American audience would be sure to understand him. Now published in book form, they give us Americans a thoughtful, clear-cut explanation of the liberties we're so prone to take for granted. It's ***American Rights: The Constitution in Action*** (Macmillan, $4.50). I recommend it.

When was the last time you invited another person to become a Christian?

Bishop **Gerald Kennedy** asks that question point-blank in a challenging little book titled ***Priests, Prophets, Pioneers*** (Upper Room, 35¢). The layman as well as the minister, he reminds us, is all three of these.

There are only 64 pages between the book's paper covers, but in them you'll find a wealth of refreshing, inspiring reading.

Dutch scholar **M. A. Beek** wrote ***A Journey Through the Old Testament*** (Harper, $3.95) with such love and enthusiasm that the relevance of the Old Testament message for the modern world comes through to the reader with special eloquence.

It's fine for the home reference shelf, as is ***Nelson's Shorter Atlas of the Bible*** (Nelson, $3.95) by **L. H. Grollenberg.** A concise version of the $15 *Atlas of the Bible* from the same publisher, it has 10 maps in full color and some 200 plates based on archaeological findings.

"Stare a hole in the page" until Emily Dickinson's poems yield their full meanings, **Charles R. Anderson** recommends. But Anderson, in ***Emily Dickinson's Poetry, Stairway of Surprise*** (Holt, Rinehart, and Win-

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ston, $5.95), has done much of the staring for us.

Some may feel that Anderson reads more meaning into her work than Miss Dickinson intended; others will be pleased and helped by his dissections, especially of the more difficult verses. Either way, we have here a valuable collection by a poet who uses obscurity as a stairway to deeper meaning.

It's as a grand tour of Greece and the Greek islands that **Robert Payne** has written *The Splendor of Greece* (Harper, $5.95), and it's certainly a book I want to have with me when I make my own dreamed-of visit to the land that not only nourished a magnificent ancient civilization but was the scene of great events in New Testament history.

Especially moving is Payne's description of the cave on the barren and rocky island of Patmos where John wrote the book of Revelation: "The roof of the cave has the shape of a wave; and indeed the whole cave seems to have been formed when a wave forced its way into the mountainside and exploded there."

Always entranced by sea stories (why must every publisher call them "sagas of the sea"?), I found *The Emerald Whaler* (Bobbs Merrill, $3.95) more thrilling than most. Author **William J. Laubenstein** may have had anthracite dust on his shoes as a boy, but it's all been washed off by the salt spray from the *Catalpa*.

This is the true story of an American whaling captain, George Anthony, hired by Irish patriots to rescue six companions imprisoned in a West Australian prison for participating in the Irish Rising of 1865. The captain and the *Catalpa* have more than ordinary adventures as they battle mutiny, storms, and hard luck. After getting the Irishmen off the Australian beach, they successfully bluff an armed British ship bent on capturing them. There's suspense on every page.

Kidding the classics isn't a new sport, but few writers do it as gracefully as **Richard Armour**. You'll find his latest lighthearted views of the world of literature in *The Classics Reclassified* (McGraw-Hill, $2.95), which takes up such "required reading" as *The Iliad, Julius Caesar, Ivanhoe, The Scarlet Letter, Moby Dick, Silas Marner*, and *David Copperfield*.

TOGETHER readers won't be surprised by the deftness of his tongue-in-cheek retelling of these tales; Armour poems have brightened the pages of more than one issue of this magazine. But it may be surprising that this puckish gentleman is also the author of scholarly biographies and serious literary criticism. Armour's an English professor at two

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Minerals and Rocks (Hanover, $4.95) is the deceivingly humdrum title of an exciting book. Potential rock hounds will be intrigued by **H. W. Ball**'s text. Black and white and color photographs emphasize the intrinsic beauty of the stones at our feet.

Mormon churches—expensive ones—are a building rapidly in parts of New Zealand inhabited by the native Maoris. But why does Mormonism so appeal to them, and to American Indians?

The answer seems to be that they're Lamanites. Lamanites, according to the Book of Mormon, are a barbaric remnant of a once "white and delightsome race" which fell from grace because they exterminated the Nephites. But they're children of Israel, nonetheless, say the Mormons, and if they heed the Book of Mormon they may someday again become favored of God—and white.

Knowing this, I read with special interest ***Forty Years Among the Indians***, by Daniel W. Jones (Westernlore, $8.50). It's a reprint of an autobiographical account of a Mormon convert who helped Brigham Young set up his ecclesiastical empire. I don't accept Mormon anthropological and historical doctrine concerning Lamanites, but I must concede that the Mormons were far ahead of their times in the treatment of their Indian brethren.

The cartoonist whose signature looks like a cobweb may be mellowing a bit with the passage of time, but he still draws with hair-raising hilarity and diabolical delight. I've just put down ***Chas Addams' Black Maria*** (Simon and Schuster, $3.95), shuddering deliciously.

His satire still bites, his horror still raises gooseflesh, and his humor still elicits nervous laughter. Most times I'd say $3.95 is a steep price to pay for only 96 pages of cartoons, but as admission fee to Addams' own unique world of ghostly guys and ghoulish gals, it's chillingly cheap.—BARNABAS

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

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C. S. LEWIS wrote a book a few years ago entitled *Surprised by Joy*. It was a happy phrase describing one of life's most wonderful experiences. Some day I am going to preach a sermon on the surprises which lie in wait for the Christian.

Just now, however, I want to say that God has made our life on this earth a series of unexpected and miraculous discoveries. The generation that has lost its ability to be surprised is the generation that has lost its recognition of God. Not the least of the religious man's rewards is meeting wonderful surprises in the most unexpected places.

Now I am talking about this in terms of books. You may have read novels which weren't nearly so good as you had hoped. Then, suddenly, you pick up a book without much expectation and it delights you. You want to tell your friends. That happened to me when I read

CYRUS THE GREAT, by Harold Lamb (*Doubleday, $4.50*).

I have respected Harold Lamb as an author for some time, and I've never known him to do a poor job. When it comes to historical fiction, I put him at the head of the list. For Lamb is not only a writer with a novelist's dramatic sense, he is also a scholar who can give you historical reasons for describing people and situations as he does.

Cyrus the Great is a wonderful book about the rise of the Persians and the mighty empire they built under "the great king."

Cyrus, you will recall, set the Hebrew exiles free after he captured Babylon. He gave them encouragement and money for rebuilding their Temple in Jerusalem. He was a great and exceptional man. The Book of Ezra begins with the words: "In the first year of Cyrus king of Persia . . ." The first chapter tells about the proclamation of the king and his restoration of the sacred vessels of silver and gold stolen by Nebuchadnezzar.

Looking deeper than the story itself, I think this book restores a much-needed balance to our viewpoint of history. We are given an understanding of the Persians' greatness, and a realization that they were much more than a barbaric horde turned back by the heroic Greeks. They had a culture, a civilization, and an ethical code which are worthy of our admiration.

This is something vastly more than just fictionalized history. This is insight, interpretation, and the broadening of our horizons. May the good Lord send us more books like this one, and as for Harold Lamb, may his tribe increase.

THE SECRET OF THE KINGDOM, by Mika Waltari (*Putnam, $4.95*).

When a writer dedicates his talents to a portrayal of our Lord, this is a great moment indeed. So it is with Mika Waltari. An old pro so far as writing is concerned, he has written this book with his usual skill and sense of timing. The story is told through the experience of a young Roman who arrives in Jerusalem in time to witness the Crucifixion. Through a meeting with the centurion and his friendship with Pontius Pilate's wife, he is led step by step into the fellowship of the disciples and early followers of Jesus. He participates in the post-Resurrection experiences and is finally led to accept Christ as his Redeemer and Lord.

The book has movement, and one does not feel that the plot is too contrived. There is an atmosphere of reverence which will please every Christian. The book takes the extremely conservative viewpoint and moves in a world of miracle and orthodox theology. Yet, it does make reasonable the reactions of that generation to the life and death of Jesus.

Waltari has no new theories to propose and no radical explanations to offer. While I doubt his book will convert any non-Christians, I think it will be refreshing and satisfying to Christians. And I do believe that it will help all of us to come with new appreciation and understanding to the Gospels themselves.

Here endeth the lesson!

Hobby Alley

Dolls by the Dozen

By ANITA W. CLAY

The author holds two Italian dolls, favorites from her large overseas collection partly displayed in the background.

RUMMAGING in my parents' attic one day, I uncovered three forgotten generations of dusty dolls—Grandmother's, Mother's, and mine. Seeing them, I remembered how I used to pretend they were my brothers and sisters, since I had none; how later they became my "children"; how, not having the heart to throw them away, I had stored them in the attic where they'd always be close at hand.

Swept by pleasant nostalgia, I rescued the dusty mementos from their dark hiding place. And from that meager assortment has grown a collection of more than 500 dolls—such a huge "family" that my husband and I often joke about being crowded out of our own house!

Since we started six years ago, my husband and I—both of us teachers—have spent hundreds of happy hours tracking down new additions for my collection. As my doll shelves filled, so did my fund of doll lore. I discovered that dolls are much more than children's playthings. I even use them in my fifth-grade classes, since the dolls of any country tell a great deal about the real people who make and dress them.

After facing a roomful of inquisitive youngsters, I have no fear of lecturing before mother-and-daughter banquets, women's clubs, PTAs, sororities, and home-bureau groups. Last year I delivered my lecture, *Dolls of Yesteryears,* more than 50 times. Nostalgia, I suspect, is one reason women enjoy hearing about my adult-hobby adventures.

Every time I mount the lecture platform, the excitement I felt that day in the musty old attic returns. I tell how I took the timeworn mementos to a doll hospital, where an expert identified several as valuable collector's items, 50 to 100 years old.

Urged on by this news, I asked friends and relatives for discarded dolls. Soon they began to fill the corners of my home, arousing the interest of my father, mother, and husband—even a group of my mother's friends.

Father cleaned, repaired, and painted the buggies and furniture necessary for display. Mother and her sewing circle made costumes I designed. My husband built display cabinets and thumbed through books about dolls, learning how to tell their age and value. I cleaned bodies and reglued heads, but left other refurbishing to a doll hospital.

Once I had started, the collection seemed to multiply like biblical loaves and fishes. Friends, relatives, and relatives of friends gave me dolls. One of my husband's former students sent me one from Turkey. The

brother of another sent 15 from the Mediterranean area and South America. Two fellow teachers have mailed 15 others from foreign ports. An exchange student obtained one from her native Finland. So it went.

Not that building a collection didn't have its problems. As in life, you can't always get what you want. One day at an auction, my husband found himself bidding against an unrelenting woman for a rare china-head doll. Under pressure, he topped our agreed maximum price—but she outbid him. Chagrined, he asked if she were a doll fancier.

"No," the woman gushed, "but the little doll was so cute I decided I just had to buy her."

But persistence is rewarded. My husband and I tracked down a Hoosier lady who, we'd heard, wanted to sell an "ugly old papier-mâché doll" she'd had for many years. When we first saw it, we both suspected it might be quite old.

Finally I asked the price. "I'll have to ask $12 for it," the old lady blushed. We paid it, gladly. And that doll, made about 1790, is still the oldest in my collection.

We were lucky once again when a woman with seven grown daughters solved the problem of which daughter should have her prize doll, a 70-year-old, life-sized Cinderella. She sold it to me.

One of my husband's favorite anecdotes concerns the time he was hunting a special doll for my birthday. He encountered a high-pressure saleswoman, who insisted, "I have just the doll for you—a rare French collector's item, over 100 years old, a steal at only $80."

My husband examined it closely, sighed, and handed it back.

"My dear lady," he replied, "I may look gullible, but, for your information, that doll isn't French, but German. It isn't even 60 years old. And it isn't rare, because it's available in quantity at the current market price of $15 to $20. Better luck next time."

My husband and I doll hunt together during the summer. We've traveled to Mexico, the Caribbean, Hawaii, and Alaska (where we virtually bought one out of the mouth of an Eskimo child). We also receive dolls from the World Wide Doll Club, whose headquarters are in Greenvale, N.Y. For a little more than $25 a year, it sends handcrafted dolls, 6 to 9 inches tall, direct from a foreign country every six to eight weeks. Unfortunately, due to my teaching commitments and speaking engagements, I haven't time to belong to such well-known national clubs as the National Doll and Toy Collectors' Club, the United Federation of Doll Clubs, Inc., or the Dollology Clubs.

In my lectures, one point I emphasize is this: Dolls are of great historic as well as personal value. You can almost trace the story of civilizations by their ability to turn out a "better" doll.

The oldest ones still preserved today are so-called "paddle" dolls, made in Egypt 3,000 years ago. Shaped like canoe paddles, they had painted features, beads for hair—and no feet, because their owners didn't want them to run away. They represented friends and servants of the dead with whom they were buried. The ancient Cretans, on the other hand, dressed their dolls in dazzling finery. And the inventive Greeks first made dolls with movable limbs.

Gradually, as time dissipated the aura of magic and superstition surrounding dolls, they became playthings—not of children, at first, but of adults. Starting in 14th-century Europe, large dolls were dressed in the fashions of the time and exchanged among designers. That's how they kept up with foreign fashions in those premagazine days.

About 400 years later in France, puppet-like pasteboard dolls came into vogue. The most extravagant of them were painted by court artists and cost as much as $7,500. It wasn't uncommon to see grownups prancing merrily down the street with one.

Finally, in the early 1800s, dolls began to be recognized as the universal toy of children. Even then, most factory-made models were sadly impersonal. But sweeping changes were on the way.

First came the "mamma" doll, uttering a plaintive cry with leathery little lungs. Then dolls began to resemble real children: one marketed in 1862 did a better job of walking than many beginning toddlers.

Doll babies continued to grow up in the early 20th century. Some recited nursery rhymes, prayed, and sang. The first "name" doll—"Billikin"—started a trend that continued with "Kewpie," "By-Lo Baby," "Patsy" (the first wardrobe doll), "Dy-Dee Baby," "Shirley Temple," and "Magic Skin Baby," which was the first made of flesh-textured material.

Today there's even a 20-inch "Chatty Cathy," which astounds children (and parents) by blurting out 11 different questions and comments. Sometimes the doll outtalks the child!

Children the world over love dolls. And in at least one country—Japan—dolls have a special day. Every year, March 3 climaxes a nation-wide doll festival. Ostensibly it's a children's affair—but grownups can't resist getting in on it, too.

I'm sure many a mother and daughter—maybe with an assist from husband and son—would find this hobby as exciting as I have. But doll collections don't just grow by themselves. So to anyone about to rush up

Someday she may have many—but, for now, young Patricia Hoxsey is glad to play with Mrs. Clay's dolls.

to the attic in search of childhood relics, I offer these suggestions based on my own experiences:

Firstly, get as many dolls as you can from your family, relatives, and friends. This is much to be preferred over buying; you're likely to have a larger and more varied collection at the start, and you'll save money for buying rarer items later. If you do shop, be prepared. Doll collecting is booming—and so are doll prices.

Secondly, specialize—build your collection around one type of doll. It probably will be the only type you'll be able to afford, unless you have some of the wealth of Queen Victoria or Montezuma II, who were doll fanciers. Name all your dolls, and keep a record for each. I'd also strongly recommend you register and insure the really valuable ones.

And don't miss subscribing to at least one of the many excellent magazines concerned with dollology. For example: *Toy Trader* (Elizabeth A. Fisher, 2112 Middlefield St., Middleton, Conn., $3 for 10 issues); *Doll Talk* (Kimport Dolls, Independence, Mo., $1 a year); *Hobbies* (Lightner Publishing Corp., Chicago 5, Ill., $3.50 a year in the U.S.). These—and others—list locations of doll hospitals, dealers, and antique shops, in addition to providing valuable news and feature articles about collectors, collections, and collecting.

For background, read such books as *Dolls to Make for Fun and Profit,* by Edith Flack Ackley [Lippincott, $3.95], or *Dolls of Three Centuries,* by Eleanor St. George [Scribners, $6.50]. Your librarian or book dealer can help you locate them and others equally informative.

Remember: the better informed you are, the more you'll enjoy the hobby—and save money in pursuing it. My penny-wise spouse and I look for bargains in dolls and their paraphernalia on every trip we make from our home in Serena, Ill.

On one of our jaunts he found an irresistible bargain—a small antique chair perfect for a 40-inch doll. Boarding a giant airliner with the chair tucked under his arm, he was met at the top of the stairs by a puzzled stewardess.

"Why, sir," she assured him, "you won't be needing that. We have 160 much more comfortable seats to choose from."

Name Your Hobby

We'd enjoy hearing from you readers who'd like to compare notes with other hobbyists. To be listed, just send your name, address, and primary hobby interest to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Please allow about three months for publication.—EDS.

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COINS: John E. Burt, Jr., Box 206, Bridgeport, Tex. (American & silver crowns); Vera Wormley, 675 57th St., Omaha, Nebr. (U.S. pennies).

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PET SHOP
Kresin

A *Very Special* KIND OF DOG

By JERRY SEIBERT

WAGGLES was a puppy. He was too small ever to be a big dog and too big to be a small dog. So much of his ruffly fur was black he wasn't exactly a brown dog. But, for sure, he had long floppity ears, merry brown eyes, and a loving heart.

Every dog needs a human family to love and care for. So one day Waggles was sent to Mr. Morely's Pet Shop. Mr. Morely's business was matching dogs and families.

Waggles' mother nuzzled him good-by. "Be friendly and loving and you will be happy," she said, "for love is the most important thing in the world."

Mr. Morely put Waggles in a big pen in a sunny window. Two other dogs were already there. Waggles felt shy, but he tried to be friendly.

"Hello," he wuffed. "My name is Waggles."

One dog, fluffy and white as snow, said haughtily, "My name is Fifi. I'm a French poodle."

The other dog was sleek, shiny white with black spots. He said proudly, "My name is Alex. I'm a Dalmatian. What are you?"

"I'm a dog," said Waggles.

"Silly!" said Fifi. "What kind? Don't you have papers?"

"What for?" asked Waggles in surprise. "I can't read."

"She means your pedigree," said Alex. "The papers that tell who all your ancestors were."

"I don't think I have any," said Waggles. "Are papers important?"

"Of course," sniffed Fifi. "Without papers you aren't *any* kind of dog. People always want a *special* kind of dog."

"I'm me," said Waggles, "so I must be some kind of dog even if I don't know what kind." Their snobbishness made him a little sad, but he remembered what his mother had said.

"I don't need a pedigree to be friendly and loving," he thought.

One day a woman came into the pet shop. "I want a special kind of dog," she said.

Fifi got up and strolled around the pen.

"A French poodle is just right for me," said the woman. She bought Fifi a blue velvet collar and leash. Then they went out together.

The next day a man with a loud voice came in. "I want a special kind of dog," he roared.

Alex got up proudly. He stretched way, way out to show off his sleek, spotted coat.

"A Dalmatian is just the thing," said the man. He and Alex strutted out together.

Waggles was glad Fifi and Alex had found families they wanted, but he wished his family would hurry and find him. Every time someone looked in the window, Waggles pressed his paw against the glass, wagged his furry tail, and barked a funny puppy bark to tell them how eager he was to have a family to love.

Day after day went by. Finally he had a dreadful thought. Maybe Fifi had been right. Maybe he wasn't *any* kind of dog and no one wanted him. He tried to push the horrid thought away. But something inside him felt the way it did when he was hungry. Only it wasn't his dinner he wanted —it was love.

One day two boys, Bob and Dick, came in. The minute Waggles saw Dick's cheerful, freckly grin his heart thumped bumpity-bump inside his chest. He knew Dick was his boy. Now he must make Dick know Waggles was his dog.

He didn't know any real tricks but he did his best. He raced around the pen in dizzy circles. He flopped on his back and waved his paws. He got all tangled upside down trying to somersault.

Then Bob said, "What kind of a dog is he?"

For a minute Waggles couldn't breathe. What if Dick wanted a special kind of dog?

But Dick didn't even wait for Mr. Morely's answer. He reached into the pen, picked Waggles up, and hugged him close.

"I don't know," he said, "but just as soon as I pay Mr. Morely he's going to be *my* dog!"

Waggles' loving little heart almost burst with joy. And as he snuggled happily down in Dick's arms, Waggles knew that "*my* dog" was a *very special* kind of dog!

Dear God

Dear Lord, you give so much to me . . .
Your love, my home, and family,
The sun, the stars, and every tree;
Please help me act so you will be
Glad, each day, that you made me.

—GINA BELL-ZANO

Pussy Willows

Cheerful little pussy willows
With your parka hoods of gray,
Here you are again to tell us
Spring is not so far away.
When the silver rains begin to
Fall, kersplash, down from the sky,
Tell me, pussies, now be truthful,
Will those parkas keep you dry?

—GRETTA MCMILLAN HIGGS

Two lads (without jack) fetch a pail of water from a neighbor up the hill.

Lunchtime at Little Bullskin School

Maybe it's remote, maybe the land's not rich, but Christian concern has a way of reaching beyond the darkest hills . . .

IT'S A one-room, one-teacher school like the one your grandfather may have attended. It's near a creek in a remote valley between heavily timbered but otherwise unproductive Kentucky hills which have changed little since Daniel Boone led settlers up this way from Cumberland Gap in 1775. Some pupils trudge three miles to get here, often through mud and snow, for no school bus serves them along the mountain roads.

Little Bullskin School has no gym, no lunchroom—not in this frame building heated by a potbellied coal stove. But it's aglow with the dedication and devotion of a Christian teacher, and it recently has undergone a remarkable transformation because some faraway folks took the children here into their hearts.

The teacher is Mrs. Cora D. Wilson, who returned to her Clay County home from Methodist-related Union College at nearby Barbourville, "where Christian education is the purpose." The faraway friends make up the Louisville Pilot Club, a service group of professional women, who supplement Mrs. Wilson's teaching with concern for the physical needs of some two dozen bright-eyed pupils who recite their lessons at deeply initialed wooden desks.

Denied government help because they had no separate lunchroom facilities and no paid cook, the children thrive on classroom-cooked lunches of chili, spaghetti, beans, and other hot dishes from gift packages

Lunch is near when Mrs. Wilson interrupts her teaching to stir chili on the one-room school's stove.

Hot and cold running water for premeal hand-washing is mixed in this ingenious apparatus. The children don't splash; the school has no well and all water is carried in daily.

First to arrive is this sixth-grader, largest boy in the class, who has the big stove roaring when others arrive. He keeps it going all day.

This young lady (below) isn't doing the dishes—she's mixing powdered milk for the pupils to drink at lunchtime. The crackers say "chili today."

After a group prayer, children eat at their desks. For tablecloths they use pieces of plastic.

Grades one through six file past the lunch table. No one starts eating until all are served—for the lessons at Little Bullskin include manners and Christian living, as well as book learning.

provided by the Louisville women.

When the Louisville *Courier-Journal* heard about the school, a reporter-photographer team uncovered this story of an inspired teacher and her self-reliant pupils working together. Inconveniences? Nonsense. They're doing just fine at Little Bullskin, thank you!

Recess time! Faraway friends provided Little Bullskin's playground equipment, as well as books and food.

NEWS of the world parish

OVER $1 BILLION SPENT ON NEW U.S. CHURCHES

U.S. churches and synagogues spent a record-breaking $1,045,000,000 for construction of new buildings during 1960, and these construction expenditures in the next 12 months are expected to reach another new high of $1,075,000,000.

Since 1954, when the half billion-dollar mark was reached, the amount spent annually for religious edifices has doubled. It now is four times greater than in 1948, according to figures compiled by the Census Bureau.

Significantly, this has occurred during a period when privately financed construction has been showing only small gains. Moreover, these yearly valuation figures do not take into account an estimated $300 to $400 million spent for furnishing the new structures.

Government economists credit the boom largely to these influences:

- Movement of people from urban to suburban areas, creating a demand for new churches. Many established downtown churches have moved to the suburbs or sponsored "daughter churches" in outlying areas.
- The fact that church membership has been increasing at a more rapid rate than the nation's population.
- The indication that Americans are giving more generously to their religious institutions than ever before.
- The psychological effects of successful building campaigns on neighboring congregations.
- Efforts of old downtown churches to catch up with a 20-year backlog of building plans.

An interesting side light on the building boom is that many new buildings contain features once considered luxuries, such as air conditioning, play and recreation rooms, educational wings, and kitchens equivalent to those of most first-class restaurants.

While increasing costs have been a factor in the rising expenditure for religious buildings, the Department of Commerce says they have amounted to only 1½ per cent each year, or about 10 per cent of the 100 per cent increase shown in the last six years.

To some extent, rising construction costs have been offset by new methods of building, including extensive use of glass and prestressed wood and concrete.

New Board Urges UN Review Admission of Red China

Methodism's new Board of Christian Social Concerns believes the U.S. should support consideration in the United Nations General Assembly of the possibility of admitting Red China to the UN.

"We register our convictions," the board said in a resolution adopted at a reorganization and program-planning session in St. Louis, Mo., "that the United States should encourage full consideration in the General Assembly of whether or not Communist China should be admitted to membership in the United Nations. . . . We believe that the people of the U.S. should be prepared in any case for the possible entrance of Communist China into the councils of the nations."

In a resolution critical of Civil Defense, the board said, "We are deceiving ourselves when we believe the Civilian Defense efforts can protect us against an enemy attack. Civilian Defense efforts tend to keep us from realizing that our sure defense is to build the kind of world where wars are unnecessary and impossible."

Among other resolutions adopted were those which:

- Commended the outgoing administration for forming a disarmament office, approved announced plans of the incoming administration to create an office of armaments control, and urged that the new office be staffed by people "genuinely dedicated" to an intelligent disarmament program.
- Commended the U.S. Senate for ratifying a treaty guaranteeing use of Antarctica for peaceful purposes only.
- Approved President Kennedy's proposed youth peace corps, and recommended Christian youth be allowed to serve on projects under the supervision of their denominational mission boards.
- Recommended a uniform legal code providing that juveniles charged with minor crimes not be identified by mass-communication media, and that "all victims of sexual aggression be protected from publicity as far as consonant with the protection of the civil rights of the accused."
- Suggested that all persons engaged in correctional or rehabilitation work be required to meet professional standards and be paid adequate salaries.

These men direct the work of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. From left: Associate General Secretary Herman Will, Jr., Peace and World Order Division; General Secretary Caradine R. Hooton; Associate General Secretary A. Dudley Ward, Human Relations and Economic Affairs Division; Associate General Secretary Roger Burgess, Temperance and General Welfare Division.

Approve Church-Union Idea

At least one Methodist Annual Conference already has taken action on the proposed union of four major Protestant denominations.

Representatives of the 467 churches in the Pittsburgh Annual Conference have approved a resolution commending the proposal made in San Francisco recently by Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, stated clerk of the United Presbyterian Church in the USA. [See *Church Unity Proposal Stirs Methodist Leaders*, February, page 69.]

Dr. Blake suggested that the United Presbyterian Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church invite The Methodist Church and United Church of Christ to form a plan of union.

The Pittsburgh Conference called for "bold dramatic moves to break down

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barriers between the Christian denominations.

"We are in agreement that avenues to merger of the four denominations mentioned, plus any others that wish to join, should be explored," the resolution said.

Plan Aid for Cuban Refugees

A group of Protestant churches in Florida has organized a Latin American Committee to co-ordinate aid to Cuban refugees.

The committee will co-operate with the National Council of Churches' Division of Home Missions and Church World Service in helping the refugees find shelter, food, and employment. Dr. Harold E. Buell, pastor of White Temple Methodist Church, Miami, is committee chairman.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief recently reported that an average of 1,000 Cubans a week has been entering the U.S. for months. It is estimated that nearly 40,000 refugees now are in Florida alone.

Established Cuban colonies in Miami and Key West are trying to feed and house the refugees. Miami Methodists have contributed large amounts of food, and churches in the area are being encouraged to sponsor refugee families.

Last November MCOR set up a Cuban refugee program and made an initial grant of $4,000 for the work.

Three offices have been established in Methodist churches where the refugees are interviewed to determine their skills. Free instruction in English is provided to ease the refugees' resettlement and employment problems.

Laymen Plan July Conference

The Council of Bishops has urged Methodist laymen to attend the Third National Conference of Methodist Men at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., July 14-16.

Praising the Methodist Board of Lay Activities for planning the conference, the council statement declared that past conferences have engendered "a larger loyalty to the church and a more complete participation in the whole life of the church. . . ."

Extend Social Outreach

Norwegian and Swedish Methodists are increasing the social outreach of their church through two new programs.

The first hospital ward for treating alcoholics has been opened in the Bethany Methodist Hospital at Bergen, Norway.

The Methodist Church at Motala, Sweden, is working to establish harmony with labor organizations through meetings between church members and labor representatives.

Miss Carey: No. 1 student nurse.

Named 'Miss Student Nurse'

Miss Jeannette Carey of Lincoln, Nebr., a senior in the Wesley Memorial Hospital school of nursing, Chicago, Ill., has been named "Miss Methodist Student Nurse" for 1961.

A native of Des Moines, Iowa, and a graduate of Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, Miss Carey was chosen by the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes from candidates nominated by most of the 52 Methodist schools of nursing.

The 24-year-old winner was selected on the basis of personality, scholarship, attractiveness, and professional interest in her work. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Carey of Lincoln.

Statistics Reveal Trends, Growth in Three Areas

Surveys in three Methodist areas have uncovered some interesting facts about membership growth and trends.

Methodist church-membership population in Iowa is more than keeping pace with the state's population, according to statistics released at area headquarters in Des Moines.

Between 1950 and 1960, Iowa's population increased 5.2 per cent while Methodist membership rose 8.2 per cent. Total membership went from 278,231 in 1950 to 290,773 in 1960. The state's population increased from 2,621,073 to 2,757,537.

A study of growth in Missouri for the 1956-60 quadrennium disclosed the addition of 77,786 members. Of this number 37,318 were received on profession of faith and 40,468 by certificate and letter. The net membership gain was 6,577.

The Research Center of the Candler School of Theology at Emory University in a study of Methodism in metropolitan Atlanta, Ga., concluded 64 new churches will be needed in that area during the next decade.

The study also indicated that Methodist churches in the inner core of Atlanta had been losing members on the whole, but churches in the metropolitan area gained 20,000 members

between 1950 and 1959. Of this number 7,000 were members of new churches organized in that period.

Pittsburgh Designated 1964 General Conference Site

Pittsburgh, Pa., has been selected as the site of the 1964 General Conference of The Methodist Church.

A 12-member Committee on Entertainment of the General Conference selected Pittsburgh over St. Louis, Louisville, Kansas City, and Detroit, all of which had extended invitations for Methodism's quadrennial legislative session.

The meeting will be held in Pittsburgh's new Municipal Auditorium beginning April 26, 1964. The committee has been assured that 3,500 hotel rooms will be available.

Dedicate San Juan Church

A new Methodist church serving a strategic academic community was dedicated recently in a suburb of San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The $250,000 church in Rio Piedras serves the community and the 14,000 students at the University of Puerto Rico, the principal institution of higher education on the island.

Begin New Mission Venture

A new type of missions program has been started by Methodists of 10 Latin American countries in a joint effort to open a new area to the work of the church.

The Latin American Board of Methodist Missions has been organized to make use of native personnel and resources to begin work in a South American country where neither The Methodist Church nor any similar denomination is at work.

Though the name of the country has not been disclosed, preliminary surveys are under way to determine the nature and location of the first project. It is hoped that two missionaries will be at work before the end of 1961.

The personnel and funds supporting them will be Latin American.

WCC Delegates Meet, Rap Discrimination in Africa

At a consultation in Johannesburg on the problem of racial segregation (*apartheid*) in South Africa, white and Negro churchmen issued a statement saying they are "united in rejecting all unjust discrimination."

The meeting, held under auspices of the World Council of Churches, for the first time brought together delegates from eight member bodies of the WCC in South Africa and other WCC representatives from throughout the world, including the U.S.

The delegates spent seven days discussing the Christian attitude toward race relations, adopted specific recommendations from higher wages to better housing for nonwhites, appealed for the inclusion in all churches of any race, and admitted that there are no scriptural grounds for the prohibition of mixed marriages but that certain factors make such marriages inadvisable.

Their statement rejecting discrimination, adopted by most of the 87 delegates, was opposed by members of the

U.S. Methodists gave $94,400 toward the cost of this $160,000 Centenary Church in New Delhi, India. Its opening marked a century of Methodist work in India.

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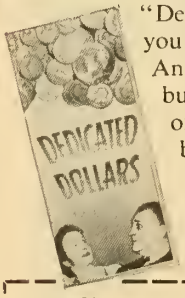

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Dutch Reformed Church of Africa. In a separate statement they said "the agreement that has been reached contains such far-reaching declarations that we cannot subscribe to it."

The delegates of the Dutch Reformed Churches of the Cape and Transvaal, however, affirmed their belief in a policy of "differentiation" but did not find the statement incompatible with their views.

U.S. delegates attending included Charles C. Parlin, a Methodist layman of Englewood, N. J., chairman of the Methodist Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations and a member of the WCC Central Committee.

Church Runs Night Club

The Methodist Church of Australia has opened the country's first church-operated night club. It's for teen-agers only and is located in Sydney.

And so popular is the club that on most nights "House Full" signs are hung on the door while some 500 youths "live it up" inside.

A candle-lit milk bar and coffee lounge, a television room, and billiard and table-tennis room dominate the main floor of the club. Boys and girls are allowed to dress as they like. Some dance; others just sit at tables and watch. A snack bar sells sandwiches and soft drinks. Entertainment is provided by some of Australia's most popular teen-age singers and musicians.

Proposes Church Finance Scholarships for Africans

The general secretary of the Methodist Board of Education's Division of Higher Education would have the church finance scholarships for African youths to study in the U.S.

Dr. John O. Gross suggested in his

Selected as the physician who most epitomizes modern general practice, Dr. James T. Cook, Methodist layman of Marianna, Fla., has been named General Practitioner of the Year for 1960 by the American Medical Association House of Delegates.

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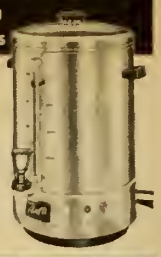

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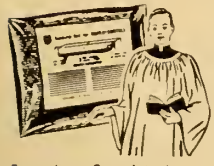

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12—One Greot Hour of Sharing.
19—Passion Sunday.
26—Palm Sundoy.
31—Good Friday.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*Giving Thanks in Lent*, by Mrs. Moude White Hardie; Circle Program—*We Praise Thee for the Radiance*, by Mrs. E. U. Robinson.

report to the board at its annual January meeting in Nashville that plans be made for a church-wide appeal for funds to finance not only the scholarships but travel expenses as well.

He described as a "reflection" on the leadership of the church and the state that there were only 16 college graduates (two of them Methodists) in the Congo when the nation became independent.

Hitting at the same general topic before the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church in Denver, Dr. Harold C. Case, president of Methodist-related Boston University, renewed an earlier plea that the approximately 2,000 accredited U.S. colleges and universities accept at least 4,000 students from the "emerging countries" of the world within the next few years.

Dr. Case declared that American colleges and universities have been "dealing with students from abroad as if they were uninvited guests," and called for closer attention to the needs of foreign students.

Two Methodists in Cabinet

At least three Methodists will have prominent roles in the administration of President John F. Kennedy.

Two are in the Cabinet: former North Carolina governor Luther Hodges, Secretary of Commerce; and J. Edward Day of Los Angeles, Postmaster General.

George McGovern, a Democratic representative from South Dakota in the previous Congress, is in charge of the "Food for Peace" program.

High-Speed Computers Aid Study of Dead Sea Scrolls

"Mechanical brains" of the 20th century are helping unravel the mysteries of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

J. B. Bessinger, associate professor of English at the University of Toronto, Canada, has reported to the Modern Language Association that high-speed electronic computers come up with answers to words partly or totally

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obliterated in the scrolls through the analysis of word frequencies, sentences, and contexts.

He also revealed that a few specialists, using these machines, have completed in a year the indexing of the complete writings of St. Thomas Aquinas—13 million words—a task that would have taken 50 scholars about 40 years.

Judicial Council Blocks Compulsory Apportionment

In the summary of recent decisions of the Judicial Council of The Methodist Church, TOGETHER reported in its January issue [*Judicial Council Upholds Resolution on Sit-Ins*, page 69] that Bishop Hazen G. Werner of Ohio "had ruled that an Annual Conference cannot properly enact a compulsory apportionment to the ministerial members of the Annual Conference for support of the Minimum Salary Plan or Fund of the Annual Conference."

Bishop Werner, however, had ruled that an Annual Conference may enact such compulsory apportionment, and the Judicial Council, meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, reversed his decision.

22,000 Ministers Asked To Help Revise Hymnal

Twenty-two thousand Methodist ministers in charge of local churches are receiving a questionnaire about revision of *The Methodist Hymnal*. [See *Start Revision of Hymnal*, December, 1960, page 70.]

Produced by the hymnal committee of the Commission on Worship, the questionnaire is said to be the most comprehensive of its kind ever developed. Replies will be tabulated electronically and the findings will help guide the 29-member committee and its

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER's Century Club this month adds the names of five more Methodists who have celebrated 100 or more birthday anniversaries. They are:

Mrs. Emma Webster, 100, Lisbon, N.Dak.

Mrs. Hannah Grow, 100, Rippey, Iowa.

Mrs. Nellie Post, 100, Stockton, Calif.

Mrs. Katie Stone, 100, Oakland, Calif.

Mrs. Ella Braithwaite, 101, Roundup, Mont.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older not previously published will be listed as received from readers—but please allow two months for publication.

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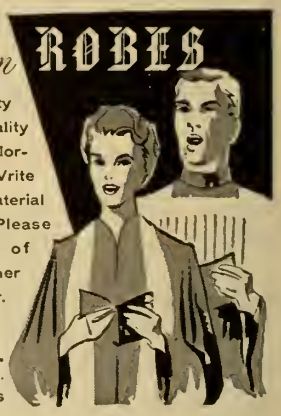

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consultants in proposing a revision of the present (1935) hymnal.

The 1960 General Conference authorized the Commission on Worship to propose a revision and report to the 1964 General Conference.

The questionnaire ranges in scope from queries about the use of *The Methodist Hymnal* in the local church to solicitation of opinions as to future content.

76 Methodists in House

The Roman Catholics have the largest delegation and Methodists second largest in the House of Representatives of the 87th Congress.

There are 86 Roman Catholics and 76 Methodists. Presbyterians number 61, Baptists 52, and Episcopalians 53. Twenty-two denominations and faiths are represented in the total membership.

Jewish members total 11. Seventeen representatives listed their religious affiliation only as "Protestant," and three declined to state any affiliation.

Kagawa Memorial Fund Striving for $100,000

The Kagawa Memorial Fund is seeking $100,000 to help carry on the work of the Rev. Toyohiko Kagawa who, after some 50 years of work among the poor and diseased of Japan, died last April 23 at 71.

The fund is sponsored by the Kagawa National Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Thoburn T. Brumbaugh, with headquarters in the Interchurch Center, 475 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Miss Mary F. Jones, director of the Memorial Fund, said gifts will go to institutions he founded and work he started. This includes social-settlement work, scholarships, and child welfare.

TV Series Pilot Film Shown

The Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission showed *The Frog Pit,* pilot film for its new children's TV series, in six cities during January.

The telecasts were in New York

Scene from children's TV film.

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Sweet Potatoes—and the Men Fixed Them!

LAST MONTH, we went to Decatur, Ga., to find out how the ladies there made a famous regional dish, Chess Pie. This time we swing up to Carroll, Iowa, where men at First Methodist Church whipped up a treat—Ginger Sweet Potatoes—for 160 at a Father and Son dinner.

That's right, I said *men*. Three men, in fact, preside over the kitchen every time Methodist Men at Carroll have a monthly dinner—A. B. Rogers, a professional cook with 33 years' experience; former Army mess sergeant Delbert Patrick, and Donald Robertson, who just likes to cook.

These three, of course, have developed their own favorite recipes through the years. But TOGETHER asked them to try something new this time—a recipe for Ginger Sweet Potatoes that came from Belle C. Wynkoop, who's responsible for meals at the historic Methodist Church in Leesburg, Va. Mrs. Wynkoop told us Ginger Sweets are a big favorite with Virginia people, and we were curious to know if they'd be as popular with Iowans. Sure enough, they were.

We ladies often think of men chefs as concentrating on short-order specialties. Messrs. Rogers, Patrick, and Robertson certainly shattered that idea. Just listen to the rest of their menu that night: roast turkey with dressing, whipped potatoes, whole kernel corn, cranberry cottage cheese salad, hot rolls, pumpkin pie, and coffee or milk.

Not one feminine finger was raised to help, either in preparing or serving, but the Senior MYF did lend a hand with the dishwashing. After all, what man likes that?

Here's how to prepare Ginger Sweet Potatoes for 50:

GINGER SWEET POTATOES

Pare 20 pounds of sweet potatoes and boil until a fork goes into them easily. Don't overcook. Remove from heat and drain. Mash, adding 1 pound of butter, 2 teaspoons of salt, and 1 ½ cups of light cream. Place potatoes in flat pan or pans; they shouldn't be more than 1 ½ inches thick.

While potatoes are boiling, take a rolling pin and roll 2 pounds of gingersnaps into crumbs, not too fine. Sprinkle the crumbs on top of the mashed potatoes until they're covered. Dot with ¼ pound of butter. Place in moderate oven until slightly brown. See that each serving has some of the ginger crust.

Giving churches a chance to exchange recipes and other group-feeding ideas is the main purpose of *Feeding Fifty*. Maybe your church has a favorite dish or a way of serving that's different—or you'd like to try out new ideas from others. If so, I'd like to hear from you.

In the meantime, I think you'll want to know about some excellent tested recipes for quantity cooking in a booklet that was compiled for the old *Christian Advocate* by Judy Goddard. We found a modest supply not long ago when we straightened our storeroom, and copies are available—as long as they last—for 25 cents. Send your request to me here at TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.—SALLY WESLEY

City; Chicago, Ill.; Nashville, Tenn.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Albany, N.Y., and Springfield, Mo. Audience reaction was checked among 9 and 11-year-olds as a guide for the production of 12 more discussion-drama programs.

Girl Scout Week

Over 3.5 million Americans will celebrate this month the 49th anniversary of the founding of the Girl Scouts of the USA.

The week-long celebration, March 12-18, will be known as Girl Scout Week and will honor men and women who planted the seed of scouting in their communities (see *My Aunt Daisy*, February, 1957, page 27).

Included in the week's activities will be Girl Scout Sunday, when tens of thousands of Girl Scouts will attend church in uniform.

Assign Air Force Chaplain

Chaplain (Lt. Col.) George J. Cameron, a Methodist from the Michigan Annual Conference, has been assigned as Protestant cadet chaplain at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Chaplain Cameron succeeds the Rev. Charles I. Carpenter, another Methodist, who has returned to a civilian pastorate.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Shutter Tripping? *As you begin poring over alluring travel literature, plotting next summer's vacation route, you also should be planning your camera equipment needs. That's what the Rev. Ira B. Allen did—and pages 37 to 44 prove that it paid off!*

For his 'round-the-world hop, Mr. Allen had to cut his equipment to bare essentials. He finally decided to take three cameras, all 35 mm.: a Voigtlander Bessamatic with two lenses —50-mm. "normal" and 135-mm. telephoto—which, loaded with Kodachrome, handled all outdoor color work; a Kodak Retina III-C loaded with tungsten Super Ektachrome for indoor shots; and a f 2.8 Zeiss Ikon Contaflex for B&W. He squeezed these and his exposure meter into a gadget bag already crammed with 90 rolls of 36-exposure film. To the bottom of the bag he strapped a small, light tripod. With this equipment, Mr. Allen took about 2,500 color and 500 B&W photos—a tribute to his careful planning. Try it yourself this summer, and your trip—like his—will be in the bag.

•

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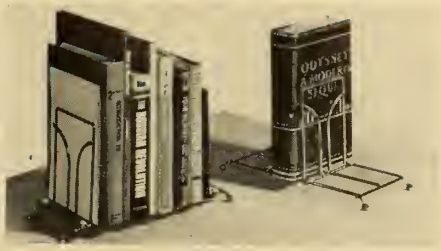

Neat Book Rack—The ends slide back and forth so it's always full; end flips toward the books to hold them up when you take one out. Excellent for textbooks, reference works, hi-fi tapes, kiddies' books. Brass-plated metal, 12" long, protective feet. $1.49.
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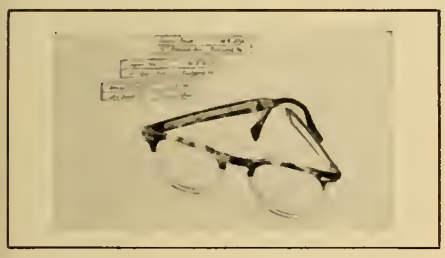

I-Dens—Ever lose your glasses? Frustrating, wasn't it? The finder probably couldn't find you, either. Make glasses returnproof with gold identity bands inside temples. Good on sun glasses, children's, too. Print name, phone, address. Per set, 35¢. 4 sets, $1.
I-Dens, Dept. T2, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

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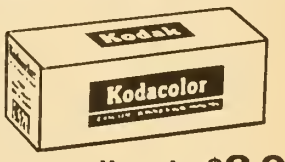

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Photograph by Buz Wilburn

help make this a better world...

There really *is* such a place as that shown in the photograph at the left. The picture was taken in one of our important cities, only a short distance from the center of the downtown district. And it isn't this one city alone where we may find such sights, but in many of our cities—or if we lift up our eyes further, in cities throughout the world. The want and misery of underprivileged children cry out a ringing challenge to every Christian.

If you were actually standing in that very alley right now—you would be well aware of the hustle and bustle of a city all about you. Only a block away there are big shiny automobiles moving powerfully and quickly. A block or so further on there are glistening tall buildings, air-conditioned, brightly lit, and comfortable. Each day people enter these buildings, perform their day's work and leave—oblivious to the backwash of human suffering that is so near.

But the human soul has great depths and great needs. The little girl pictured here may very well find ways of transcending these miserable beginnings, for in her prayer she seeks God. How many more souls, even some of those in the glistening buildings, have a hunger that far exceeds any hunger that this little girl feels?

*"Too complacent about the least of these, the Christian peoples have been concerned chiefly for their own security, comfort, and the preservation of the status quo. We failed to see the upsurging demand for freedom and recognition as born of the divine quickening and accelerated by Christian missionary effort. We have used our discoveries to serve our own purpose. We have sought to direct and determine our own life, calling upon God to bless rather than to guide our decisions.

"This is man's dilemma. Driven on the one hand toward an abyss, and drawn on the other hand by prospects fairer than he ever before dared dream, man is under the necessity of making hard choices.

"The Holy Scriptures warn of desolation and destruction when men disobey the Lord and worship other gods. The Bible also reveals the pathway of returning and renewal. God must be worshiped as King of kings. Men must repent, receive His forgiveness, and change their ways in obedience to His will.

"God does not abandon His people. His arm is strong to save. He chastens because He loves. His love includes every person and nation and knows no limit of power or self-giving. In the fullness of time God sent His Son to fulfill His covenant to reveal Himself and to redeem His children."

All Christianity must mobilize to fight complacency, disinterest, and the erosion of our very souls by countless distractions. Until each of us opens mind and heart to God's guidance, all of us are in peril. What wonders might be worked if each of us, like the little girl in the picture, would kneel where we are, ask God's help, and then listen. . .

This message is presented by the publisher and staff of TOGETHER magazine, who as a group have dedicated themselves to the promotion of Christian worship *in the home*. That is why we have a Methodist family magazine. If your church is not already providing TOGETHER magazine to each of its families, ask your pastor about starting an All-Family Plan. The cost is only 5¢ per week per family. The All-Family Plan makes it so easy for you and your church to send TOGETHER to families with a particular spiritual need.

Together
ALL-FAMILY PLAN

Reprints of this advertisment may be obtained without charge by putting your name, address, and name of your church on a postal card and mailing it to TOGETHER All-Family Plan, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville 3, Tennessee—just say on the card, "Little girl ad"—or if you would like more than one copy simply indicate how many you can use.

* From the statement of the Council of Bishops adopted by the General Conference of The Methodist Church, 1960.

Lobsters for the Lord

WINDS THAT BLOW across the stormy green waters of the North Atlantic have etched the ruddy faces of lobstermen who worship in the tiny Methodist Church of Wyman, Maine. These men know the force of the elements—and, as do few others, the bounty of the sea. So it is that each year, whether the season has been good or bad, each man gives his one tenth to the church—and goes a step further. For every day, the Wyman lobstermen fish one trap for the Lord.

This special catch adds about $130 a year to the treasury of the 20-member congregation. Half of it goes to the church budget; the other half is used for the church-school's Christmas program.

Bertram Beal, pictured here, is one of the lobstermen who go out to fish "one trap for the Lord." He rises early and by 6:30 a.m. is chugging out into Narraguagus Bay to work his traps. Bert is proud of his 24-foot boat, a 36-year-old craft powered by the engine from a car he drove "until it fell apart."

His working clothes are typical of the lobsterman: a pair of rubber boots, a large apron of material resembling oilskin, and blue denims. So attired, he rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. Hauling in lobster traps from deep water isn't child's play, but his steady labor and heat from the venerable engine keep him comfortable even when the chill ocean spray glazes the deck with ice.

Moving from one to another of the brightly

Soon after daybreak, lobsterman Bertram Beal heads his small boat out into Narraguagus Bay to start the day's work. On the hill in the background is his church, Wyman Methodist.

Bert cleans out his lobster traps, then puts in small fish as bait. He's always in sight of shore.

colored buoys, Bert hauls in a squirming catch of fish, crabs, and—he hopes—the size lobster that's a "keeper." After pegging the claws to prevent the lobsters from fighting among themselves, he tosses them into a water-filled tub. He works 66 traps—about twice that many during the best season—then heads back to his anchorage. There he transfers the catch to a submerged cage until he has enough for marketing. Bert will get from 25 to 65 cents a pound for the lobsters, depending on the season and the market.

As that time approaches each day when "the Lord's lobster pot" is to be hoisted to the surface, the Wyman lobstermen can look over one shoulder and see their weather-worn church perched atop a rocky hill. It's a constant reminder of One who long ago walked beside a sea seeking fishermen to follow him.

Eventually, the Wyman lobsters find their way to the dinner tables of appreciative New Englanders. First, however, they must be boiled to a turn—like this big fellow.

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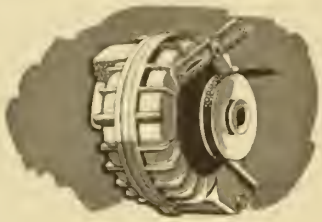

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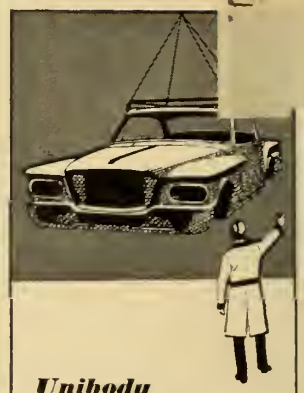

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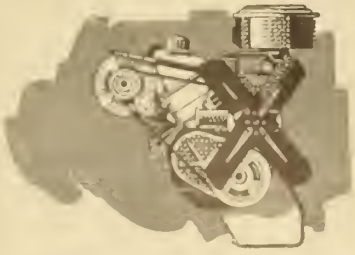

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MARCH, 1961

Together / NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

Seeing It Happen

When Bishop Newell S. Booth visited the New Canaan (Conn.) church, he encountered a practical missionary project actually taking place.

About five weeks previously, the Rev. Charles L. Austin had preached on *Christian Responsibility in a Changing World,* and suggested that anyone willing to contribute $100 toward a vital mission project talk with him after the service.

As a result, 10 families are contributing $1,000 to help complete a dam needed at a farm irrigation project in Mulingwishi in the Congo. This sum is in addition to the $5,000 in the benevolence budget of the church.

When Bishop Booth explained that the farm also needed a donkey, two children assured him that they would raise $40 to buy one.

Laud New Orleans Minister

Several Area churches were among the many in the United States which sent messages of commendation to the Rev. Lloyd Foreman, who defied the white boycott of an integrated school by taking his daughter to class.

The Rye (N.Y.) church received $25.34 from members and friends to be sent to Mr. Foreman. Letters were written to him by the Official Boards of St. James Church, Lynbrook, and the Mamaroneck (N.Y.) church. A letter was also sent by the Student Council of the Drew University Theological School.

A set of oak doors given Trinity Church, New Britain (Conn.) by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Carroll led to a sandblasting job and trim-painting by George Rogers in memory of Cora Graulich, church secretary and director of religious education.

Don Rice Photo

Grace Church, Brooklyn (extreme right), and the devastated United Air Lines jet plane which crashed into Seventh Avenue following a collision with a TWA constellation.

Plunging Jet Misses Church Parsonage

The Rev. Richard J. Rice was talking on the telephone with his church school superintendent, when a bright orange flash streaked across the opaque window, and a thunderous jolt shook the foundations of Grace Church.

Mr. Rice did not know then that a United Air Lines jet had plunged into Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, less than a half block from where he was sitting.

"There was no warning," he recalls, "no hissing of air—just a strange sound. At first I thought a car must have hit an oil truck and exploded, but as I hung up the phone and rushed for the parsonage, I realized that there hadn't been any screech of brakes."

There is direct access into the third floor of the parsonage from the study, and as he raced into the house, his wife, Nancy, had reached the window with 20-month-old David in her arms.

Sees Stevie, Sole Survivor

"It's a plane!" she cried, and ran downstairs to their baby, John, four months old.

"I reached the street with David just in time to see Stevie, the little boy in the plane, jump up out of the snow enveloped in flames. I rushed into the house to get an afghan to wrap him in, but by the time I got to him, he had been wrapped in coats."

The police ordered the Rices to evacuate the parsonage, which, a scant 125 feet from the tail of the plane, was rapidly filling with smoke. Mrs. Rice wheeled her little boys several blocks to the home of a parishioner, where they found refuge for two nights.

The next 48 horror-filled hours will never be forgotten by the rescue crews who had the grueling task of extricating bodies, controlling the fires, and evacuating surrounding buildings.

Methodist ministers in the vicinity were among the first to rush through the police lines with offers of help.

The Rev. Richard L. Francis, executive secretary of the Brooklyn Division of the Protestant Council was on the scene a few minutes after news of the disaster reached him, and he helped recover the first 20 bodies.

He was closely followed by the Rev. Lewis H. Davis, the Rev. Donald Rooney, the Rev. Robert Guthrie, the Rev. Melvin Williams, and Dr. Floyd George, president of the Brooklyn Division of the Protestant Council.

Methodist Clergy Rally in Emergency

Mr. Davis wore clericals to get through the police lines without delay.

The clergymen made sandwiches and coffee for 12 hours without a break in the Grace Church kitchen, headquarters for the rescue workers.

At first they bought the food supplies with their own money and funds donated by their churches. Soon the Salvation Army and Red Cross were on the scene, and nearby grocery stores and bakeries donated bread and meat for sandwiches.

A donation of 1,500 gallons of oil for stricken apartment houses was obtained by the Rev. Austin Armitstead, from Esso, through one of his members.

"It was a strange sight to see row after row of exhausted firemen wrapped up in blankets asleep on the stage of our auditorium in the midst of Christmas decorations for the church-school play," Mr. Rice recalls.

Methodist churches which sent members, money and supplies, were Bay Ridge, Bethany, Fourth Avenue, Hanson Place, Sunset Park, Windsor Terrace, St. Paul's.

(Continued on page A-4.)

Speakers at the dedication of the Arthur J. Brown Chapel at the Ridgewood (N.J.) Church were: Dr. Karl Ommby, left, former pastor, and Dr. Elmer B. Bostwick, who succeeded Dr. Brown last spring, when he retired after serving the church 23 years. Earle G. Goodwin, Jr., minister of music, is a graduate student at Union Theological Seminary.

THE BISHOP WRITES

Splendor at Sunset

One of our finer industrialists was being honored by his colleagues at the time of his retirement. His skills and abilities were being celebrated with eager fervor. In responding, he observed wisely and humbly, "Appreciating all you have said, I must admit that upon several occasions when vacancies in our organization occurred, I was in the country and apparently available. Other men, equally skilled, were scattered around the world engaged in activities that commanded their presence and attention at that place. They were nonexpendable."

Graciously, and humbly spoken!

However, there must be present (in the person) a spirit and a talent which can and will match the opportunity. When that fog-bound silence over Brooklyn and Staten Island was broken by explosive catastrophe, it carried more than 130 persons to their graves. It wrecked a city block and more. It brought flaming havoc to a peaceful neighborhood. It was devastating sunset in the morning, death in the midst of life.

A slender group of clergymen matched the tragic opportunity with extraordinarily heroic service and quiet devotion. Grace Church and Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn, hard by the scene of the accident, became the Jericho Road over which Good Samaritans could, and did, travel. The story of the Word becoming flesh became a contemporary drama of surpassing eloquence. The sunset became bright with Christian splendor.

We salute the pastor of Grace Church, his faithful parishioners, his colleagues, the hospital staff, and all the others who served so many in His name. We are in their debt for this deed of love and mercy. None can misunderstand this sermon of valiant helpfulness.

Gratefully,

LLOYD C. WICKE

WSCS Aids Migrants

The satisfaction of seeing one's hard work for others immediately used and appreciated has been earned by the WSCS of the Bemus Point (N.Y.) church, which recently has completed its second season of service to needy migrant workers in the vicinity.

Discovering the hardships being suffered by Puerto Rican families who move into the Dunkirk-Fredonia fruit belt area each summer, the WSCS in August, 1959, started a sewing program to provide warm fall clothing for men, women, and children—also layettes and stuffed toys. Used clothing was also collected as well as records, books, pictures, and household items.

The Rev. Gragario Gonzales, leader of the migrant group, was invited to a luncheon at the Bemus Point Church and, according to Mrs. Donald Traynor, WSCS correspondent, "It gave us an insight into international need right in our own country."

Members continued their work in preparation for the 1960 visit of the migrants, and after the clothing and supplies had been presented, Mr. Gonzales took the group of Puerto Ricans to Bemus Point to present a choral program on the shore of Lake Chautauqua.

The Rev. Rodney J. Croyte of the Bemus Point Church opened the vesper service with prayer, and pointed out that "regardless of race or color, we are in communion with God as His children."

The migrant workers then sang *O, que amigo nos es Cristo . . .* , as the host church translated, *What a friend we have in Jesus.*

Troy Men Tour South

Seven Troy Conference ministers, sponsored by the Board of Missions and directed by the Rev. Leonard Bass, Conference director of Youth Work, paid a visit to the following mission projects: Pittman Center and the Archer School, in Tennessee; Henderson Settlement, in Frakes, Ky.; Union College, in Kentucky; and the Morrisville Industrial School.

Ministers who made the trip were: the Revs. Calvin Seiferth of the Bloomingdale Church; Stanley Fry of the Schroon Lake Federated Church; Charles Latimer of Dannemora; Richard Campbell of Fort Johnson; Victor Zacarro of Richmondville; and Cornelius Vanden Broek of Swanton, Vt.

Elect Norman O. Edwards

• The Rev. Norman O. Edwards, administrator of Bethany Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, has been elected to the House of Delegates of the American Protestant Hospital Association. He is one of three Protestant hospital representatives in the northeastern region of the country.

• Forty-seven volunteers contributed more than 10,100 hours of service last year to Bethany Hospital. Deaconess Nellie Keneyal estimates the equivalent cash value to be $9,300. Kings Highway women contributed 1,064 hours of the total.

• An unusual gift campaign to provide thousands of canceled postage stamps for an epileptic colony in Bielefeld, Germany, has been launched by Bethany. Patients benefit therapeutically and financially from the principal colony activity—collecting and selling stamps to collectors throughout the world.

• More than $1,200 was raised at the 68th annual Donation Day at East Meadow Church.

• Bethany recently elected the following officers: Edwin H. Mueller, president; Carl A. Bachmeier, vice-president; Arthur F. Seagraves, secretary; and Fred M. Roos, treasurer.

Edwin T. Iglehart Cited

Dr. Edwin T. Inglehart of Katonah (N.Y.) was one of 298 Americans commended by the Japan-U. S. Amity and Trade Centennial Association in Tokyo, for contributions to the development of Japan in the last 100 years.

MARCH, 1961 Vol. 5, No. 3

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Drew's News

• "The Bishop's Scholarship," open to residents of the Pittsburgh or Erie Conferences who plan to return to those conferences as ministers, are available to students in the theological school through an initial gift from Bishop and Mrs. Wicke.

• Drew has received a $4,000 grant from the DuPont Company to strengthen the teaching program in science and engineering.

• Dr. Franz Hildebrandt has been awarded an honorary doctor of divinity degree from the Kirchliche Hechschule in Berlin.

• Dean Bernhard W. Anderson has been awarded the doctor of Sacred Theology degree by the College of the Pacific.

• Dr. Ira Progoff, director of the Institute for Research in Depth Psychology, spoke at the 10th anniversary of the Alfred Adler Institute for Individual Psychology in New York City.

• Literary awards have been presented Dr. Carl Michalson, professor in the theological school for his book, *The Hinge of History,* and John T. Cunningham of Floral Park, N.Y., Newark News reporter, for his book *The New Jersey Shore.* The honors were conferred by the New Jersey Association of Teachers of English.

• Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Lutheran ministers are recorded on tape in a new library collection added to the speech department of the theological school. Drew has become a repository of the Susan V. Russell Tape Library of 153 religious recordings.

• Drew is conducting its first eight-week summer study-tour of Western Europe as a three-credit, upper level course sponsored by the Political Science Department.

• Dr. Marvin S. Richards, associate professor of chemistry, has been awarded a National Science Fellowship to attend the Winter Institute in Quantum Chemistry and Solid State Physics at the University of Florida.

• Drew has received a check for $1,500 from Texaco Inc., as its share of the company's aid-to-education program.

Sex Morals Studied

Sexual morality is the subject of a joint religious and psychiatric study by the Rev. C. Edward Egan, Jr., pastor of the Roslyn (N.Y.) church, and Dr. Nathaniel S. Lehrman, psychiatrist, which was presented before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The authors discuss three fundamental codes: the "celibate" code, the "continent" code, and the "comfortable" code, outlining the background and manifestations of each. They conclude that the "continent" code seems associated with the disciplined creativity necessary for the existence and growth of a democratic social order.

Debts Disappear as Mortgages go up in Smoke

Above: *Trustee President Clayton McKenzie, the Rev. Albert T. Strobel, and Committee Chairman John W. Baxendale burn the symbol of debt at Essex Junction, Vt. Desk blotters were sold at $10 each to help "blot it out."* Below: *A $50 mortgage goes into history in the presence of, from left, Honorary Trustee Alexander Robertson, Finance Chairman Arthur Everett, the Rev. Albert L. Beemer, Eastern District Superintendent Wallace Sorenson, and Trustee Chairman Howard Ness, at Grace Church, Kearney, N.J.*

Bishop Wicke helped consecrate a new Fellowship Center at Centenary Church, Greenwich (N.Y.), after preaching at the morning service. From left, are: Troy District Superintendent Tarrence F. Ogden, the Rev. Maurice Baker, and Bishop Wicke.

Albany Men Organize

Laymen of churches in the capital area of the Troy Conference have organized the Albany subdistrict Board of Lay Activities with Chester W. Vanderbilt of Rensselaer, associate district lay leader, as chairman.

Other officers are Harold Vine of St. Luke's, Albany, vice-chairman; and C. Jordan Vail of Delmar, secretary.

The board will include lay leaders and Methodist Men presidents from 14 churches in Albany, Rensselaer, Delmar, East Greenbush, Voorheesville, Slingerlands, Newtonville, and Castleton.

Its purpose will be to promote the lay activities program of the Conference and to foster co-operation among the participating churches.

The invocation at the organization meeting was offered by Dr. C. Walter Kessler, superintendent of the Albany District.

The Short Circuit

Alaska University is $500 richer for the visit of President McGinnis to First Church, Plainfield, N.J. Methodist Men gave him the offering received at a Newark Conference Laymen's Mass Meeting.

Goodwill Industries of New Jersey received more than 1,000 dolls to be passed on as Christmas presents. The five leaders in the *Dolly Derby* were: Ridgewood (65), Westside in Hopatcong (42), Hawthorne (39), Lebanon (38), and Hasbrouck Heights (34).

Speaking of Goodwill, **Dr. Dwight Smith**, general secretary of the John Milton Society, spoke at the annual meeting on the topic, *Ask the Right Question.*

The Rev. Wallace G. Sorenson, Eastern District superintendent, and the **Rev. Max Tou of Paterson**, were among 30 Methodist ministers who attended an institute on *The Churches' Role in Urban Renewal,* at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., under the leadership of Professor Clifford C. Ham.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Christ Church, New York City, was speaker at the 10th anniversary dinner of the Queens Federation of Churches. **Dr. Karl F. Moore** of Jackson Heights, president, was master of ceremonies.

TOGETHER is sponsoring an essay contest for college students on the subject, *Why I Go to Church.* For details, see the January issue. First prize is $250.

Westside Church, Hopatcong (N.J.), is underwirting a $250 worship center at the new Methodist home in Branchville, in honor of Mrs. Ivan Smith, local representative of the Ocean Grove Home for 38 years.

Belvidere (N.J.) residents hear religious music and chimes these days, thanks to a tower amplifying system installed at the **Methodist church.**

A *This Is Your Life* program was part of the 10th anniversary festivities for the **Rev. Roger L. Smith** in Dumont (N.J.). He received four volumes of the *Interpretor's Bible,* a new robe and a set of Lenox china.

Miss Sue Curtis of Trinity Church in Albany (N.Y.) has been elected president of Student Movement for New York State.

Bishop Wicke dedicated a chapel at **Janes Church, Brooklyn** (N.Y.), in Memory of Mrs. Maude Hardie, assistant to the general secretary of the Joint Section of Education and Cultivation.

A story of frightened, unhappy children restored to "gentle thoughts . . . and laughter" is contained in the annual report of the **Rev. William Staszeski,** director of the **Jefferson Park Fresh Air Home** at Long Branch, (N.J.). "We had to buy another station wagon to operate the camp this season, for which we still owe $1,200."

Army Chaplain (Capt.) Sterling A. Wetherell of Fort Wadswirth, Staten Island, N.Y., has been sworn into the regular Army as a first lieutenant.

Jet Plane Disaster

(Continued from page A-1)

The minister of every Brooklyn Methodist church either went to the scene or called to find out what supplies were needed.

"It has been a tremendous task and a humbling experience to see the unity in our Methodist system," Mr. Rice declares.

The final heart-breaking episode took place in the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, where little 11-year-old Stevie Baltz finally lost his valiant fight for life.

Field Chaplain Donald S. Stacey says that when Stevie was told he was in a Methodist Hospital, he said, "That's good. I go to a Methodist Sunday School."

He was referring to First Church, in Evanston, Ill., where his parents are active members.

Referring to his parents, Chaplain Stacey says, "Never have I seen anything like the fortitude they showed. We did everything we could to save Stevie. But it just wasn't to be."

The scorched nickels and dimes in the little boy's pocket were given Hospital Administrator Vernon Stutzman by Mr. Baltz, and have initiated a fund for the hospital in memory of the lad who, in spite of the tireless labor of the doctors, couldn't quite make it.

Centenary Notes

• President Edward W. Seay attended sessions of the University Senate of The Methodist Church in Denver, Colo., and the annual joint meeting of the Commission on Christian Higher Education and the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church.

• Plans to borrow $408,000 for the construction of a dormitory which will house 75 students have been approved by the Housing and Home Finance Agency of the federal government. It will be erected between Taylor Memorial Library and DuBois Hall.

Green Mountain Peaks

• Green Mountain College has purchased a house and lot adjacent to Bogue Hall for future campus construction. The collgee is now in possession of a rectangle of more than 100 acres.

• Chaplain Ira M. Wheatley directed a winter Conference on Religion assisted by the Rev. Roy J. Hendricks, associate rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

• A study of the Victorian Age will be emphasized the week of February 20. Professor David Roberts of Dartmouth College will lecture on the subject of *Wealth and Poverty in the Nineteenth Century.*

• President Raymond A. Withey has been appointed to the executive committee of the New England Junior College Conference.

• Nearly 100 members of the New England Guidance Conference were guests of the college for their annual meeting recently.

• The lounge in Moses Hall has been renovated.

Volunteers Enlarge Church

Less than $1,000 was spent for professional labor to add a 72 x 26-foot church-school unit to the Flanders (N.J.) Church. The bulk of the work was done by volunteers, over a period of 1½ years. Awarded a certificate of appreciation by the Rev. S. [illegible] Roberts, John Munson was cited [illegible] devoting 1,500 hours of labor and serving as chairman of the project.

On the first floor are nursery, kindergarten, and primary department rooms, church office, and rest rooms. The basement provides an all-purpose room and kitchen.

The addition doubles the size of this 110-year-old building, which now has a membership of 125. It is valued at $37,500, although less than $20,000 was spent—thanks to Mr. Munson and his helpers.

Under construction at Branchville (N.J.) is the first of five new homes which will augment the Methodist Home for the Aged in Ocean Grove. They are to be known as "Manor Houses" and will house 45 residents. Auxiliary units will contain apartments or cottages for the retired residents. Each home will cost about $400,000 to construct.

Flanders (N.J.) Church and church school.